THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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A MILLION FOR THE MORROW

WHATEVER else stops moving, the education of children does not. As a matter of fact it strides ahead too rapidly, from the point of view of quantity as well as that of quality, to enable one to say where it is at any given moment. The school process is really very much like the weather. Dependent upon general conditions and principles, existing to serve definite purposes, both can nevertheless seldom be taken for granted, counted upon, estimated practically. Both rain and education fall upon the unjust as well as the just. A violent shake-up is often as beneficial to pedagogy as a seemingly destructive storm. Even so what we most desire in both is serenity—a succession of clear, steadfast days which make for fertility and pleasure. Now again a school year has begun, sending a myriad tiny tots off on their long journey toward at least a minimum of preparation for life's tasks. Ahead of them are the crowds who have arrived at various educational stages with varying success. What outcome shall we expect for the individual and the community?

Fundamentally the cleavage in modern conceptions of education seems to rest upon whether one views the child from the point of view of the family or from the point of view of the state. The first necessarily seems to make for disparity and even isolaton. One set of fathers and mothers will never desire quite the same things for their children as another set of fathers and mothers. The banker not only sees his son cast for a different part from that which will fall to the lot of the carpenter's boy, but contributes all he can to render the atmosphere in which his son is brought up as distinctive, possibly as bankerish, as possible. In extreme cases this attitude can be accused of snobbery. But normally it has the advantage of appealing to a solid body of traditions and connections which nothing else in the world can supplant. Thus Catholic parents give their children not merely schools in which religion rules, but the whole background of religious practice which has characterized the family life, possibly for generations. Nor can one fail to note that solid homes are almost the best exemplars of patriotic and social service.

To conceive of the child primarily from the point of view of society means reckoning in the first instance with what the family neglects to supply. A nation as racially chaotic, as nomadic, as spiritually detached as ours is apt to suffer heavily from the circumstance

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that one tradition rubs another to bits. Economic and intellectual handicaps tend, indeed, to dissolve the family as an influence even when they fail to destroy it as an institution. Society can therefore draw up a bill of its educational rights and desires, going on then to build up a corps of teachers able to promote these effectively. When this point of view is overemphasized, the resulting school fare will be pretty meagre. One may, for example, keep on telling children that they must understand, love and serve their country. They should. But after all this means loving themselves and their own interests by indirection. And it is unfortunately a lot easier to love and serve oneself directly. The reigning social ideology and methodology therefore often seem frightfully meagre and monotonous. But when they are properly adjusted to the whole educational process their value is not to be questioned. We need to adjudge our educational future as a whole, so that we shall know how to meet the human needs of civilization.

From this point of view the campaign launched by the National Education Association is most interesting. It is hoped that the sum of $1,000,000 can be raised for the purpose of endowing studies, on a national scale, of such problems as the articulation of education with other community activities, the function of parental education and the intertwining of general and vocational training. We need to realize, for instance, that instructing a far larger body of teachers than we can use is bad economy, unless the oversupply can be made to have a desired effect upon the quality of pedagogy. It is likewise obvious that all vocational training is not necessarily practical; that training all girls to be stenographers is advantageous only to the silk-stocking industry; and that we cannot look to an artificial process to inculcate virtues which will be born only of contact with life and reality. If the fund to be gathered by the Association will help America to do some of these things, we are for it. We should like incidentally to know just why teaching millions to read and write results in such anomalous facts as that Mr. Winchell is the highest paid of our authors and that popular journalism is absurdly bad.

We have always held that the Catholic educational system is, in theory, the best possible coördination of the family and state points of view. For the reason that its underlying conception of authority is extra-human, extra-individual, it can teach "service" how to put the right stress in the right places. But if ever a practical enterprise needed the kind of inquiry into possible coördination now being inaugurated by the National Education Association, the Catholic school system in the United States needs it. We want to know just the things specified: articulation of our education with other community activities, the function of the parent in the child's training, the proper relationship between general and vocational knowledge. Men and money for this inquiry are two endowments for which one cannot yearn too often or too long.

WEEK BY WEEK

PROOFS multiply that progress is being made in Mexico in clearing up some at least of the difficulties in the way of a final settlement of the religious situation. While it was obvious that only an armistice, not a true treaty of peace was effected by the general agreement that led to the reopening of the churches, events since then, and more particularly the growth of a spirit of good-will and conciliation which fosters reasonable negotiations, give substantial cause for hope that fundamental questions may in time be approached and dealt with equitably. The general approval in Mexico of President Rubio's message to the Congress pledging respect for religious liberty, was extended also to the emphatic warning given to certain overzealous, or perhaps chiefly political, Catholics, by Archbishop Ruiz y Flores, the apostolic delegate. He has told them that, "once the Pope sanctioned the terms of reconciliation" between Church and state, "within the limits of the Catholic conscience it is not right for any Catholic to rebel and constitute himself a judge of the supreme authority of his Church, for obedience to the Church is not limited to dogmas but extends to the fullest extent to administrative discipline."

Progress in Mexico

THE Archbishop's warning was rendered necessary by certain "scandalous and discordant efforts which have lately been made, a year and a half after the Church and state crisis settlement has been reached." The warning must have proved effective, for since it was uttered there has come an important judicial decision which it is not probable would have been handed down had there been grave public evidences that stubborn individuals or groups were disobeying their own Church authorities, as well as the authority of the state. The decision in question has been rendered by a district court of the state of Coahuila, in the case of the Archbishop of Saltillo, and declares that the house owned by the Archbishop, in which he lives, is really his own property, and not the property of the state. The decision sets a precedent which may have very important consequences affecting the application of the laws relating to the nationalization of church property. It may even prove beneficial to the Methodists, and other religious bodies, in Mexico, whose property, it was recently announced, would be seized.

COMMENTING on this intention of the Mexican government to extend its confiscation of church properties to the Protestant buildings, beginning with the Methodists', the Churchman, Episcopal, protests that this would be more unjust than was the government's confiscation of Catholic property. "The properties of the Protestants are of their own creation and cost;

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those of the Catholics came largely from the government which, in a way, has merely taken back its own," says the Churchman. This is a plausible but rash assertion which we believe the Churchman would not support on reflection. To begin with, it is a questionable statement of fact; the Catholic properties in overwhelming proportion were the creation of the alms and the actual handiwork of the faithful. Next, the Churchman would seem to advocate an extraterritorial right of property for religions which admittedly are alien to the majority of the people of Mexico. It would seem to propose that a native people are not to be allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labor and love on an equal basis with the institutions financed and introduced by foreigners. Can we imagine the Churchman—to bring the matter home—advocating this principle if there were a question of special privilege for a Catholic foundation in the United States because it was financed by "the Pope at Rome"?

The New Imperialism

WHATEVER the outcome of the present imperial conference in London, we must be impressed by the spirit in which this congress of nations meets. Here are the representatives of 450,000,000 people, five self-governing dominions, a prince of India and the Foreign Minister of the Irish Free State sitting down together in the same spirit of coöperation as a meeting of a board of directors of a great industrial plant. Except for Mr. Patrick McGilligan, Foreign Minister of the Irish Free State, and General Hertzog, Premier of South Africa, all the members of the board agree that the matters before them are purely economic. The Free State desires that the last vestige of the old imperial control be loosened for the paradoxical, and therefore typical, reason that with this loosening the bonds will be made stronger. While it is yet problematical whether the strict letter of this suggestion will be accorded in the political sphere, oddly enough in the economic sphere it is the central government that is, so far, most emphatically stating its leanings toward the loosened bonds of free trade. Intrinsically there is the same reasoning in this case as that of Mr. McGilligan; with such a geographically divided and far-flung empire as that of Great Britain, ties of affection and good-will in the long run will be more binding than restraining laws.

Democratic Battle Cries

GREAT interest attaches to the activity of Democratic hosts in New York state, if only because Governor Roosevelt is one of the likeliest of existing candidates for the presidential nomination. The platform adopted by the party convention can, as a matter of fact, be accepted as a shadow of 1932 pronouncements. Just one clause is likely to be substantially different and that is the declaration anent prohibition. This is divided into three parts: both the Amendment and the Volstead Act are to be repealed; the right to control the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages is to be restored to the states; and the New York Democrats are to provide legislation which will regulate the traffic within the commonwealth and "definitely and effectively banish the saloon." Governor Roosevelt is known to have disagreed in a measure with these dicta, and to have insisted upon favoring a modicum of federal control. We find ourselves in substantial agreement with him. To return to the ancient status in regard to liquor would be to ignore the true implications of the temperance movement. There seems to be no doubt that the federal government can do something in this important matter, even though during twelve years it has been attempting far too much. A liquor commission having much the same powers as the Interstate Commerce Commission would afford the kind of coöperation no state ought willingly to ignore.

Sad-Eyed Finance

DURING the past week business seems to have been almost its normal self. The Barnes Committee, assembled for the purpose at the President's suggestion, found that, while conditions throughout the world could not be termed utterly ideal, commerce was tugging along at a good pace considering the maladies of the past year. But the open markets were nevertheless in full retreat. Stocks, securities and produce all sold off noticeably, and the psychology in charge was morbid. Political rumors of the most exciting kind were believed in Wall Street, where the news all but elevated Herr Hitler into a German dictatorship, abrogated the Young Plan and mobilized a French army. The utter baselessness of these guesses did not mar their efficacy as incentives to sell. Russia, too, came in for its own—though it should have been obvious months ago that the Soviets, committed to carry through their grandiose plan or go into hiding, would try to sell wheat in the open market for what it would bring. But apparently the shock of the fact that they were actually doing so unsettled and unnerved everybody. The resulting financial activity was a severe blow in itself to recuperating industry. Even so, the price is worth paying if the purchase actually means a growing awareness of world conditions and realities.

Group Practice in Medicine

WE HAVE expressed before this our interest in, and sympathy for, the various projects for reducing the high cost of illness in our time and country by the organization of medical service units of one sort or another. The American Medical Association convention recently produced a powerful minority report favoring such organization around the centres furnished by existing county associations, and pointing out that the alternative might very well prove to be the commandeering of the whole profession by the government. Another intelligent plan gets

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an airing in the current Atlantic Monthly. Its author, Mr. Evans Clark, director of the Twentieth-century Fund founded by E. A. Filene, of Boston, has made a detailed study of the incomes and the disproportionate medical expenditures of some thousands of typical families of the poor and middle classes. The result is a set of blue-prints for the general creation of "medical guilds" patterned upon the famous Mayo Clinic, and the various other less spectacular but efficient group clinics operating throughout the country. Like them, these guilds, whether owned by doctors or laymen, would be private enterprises operated for private profit. By pooling the resources of groups of physicians, and cutting down the present disastrous overhead, as well as by certain other features peculiar to this plan, they would make it possible to give the public a scientific service now only dreamed of, at a moderate price.

WHAT this "moderate price" would come to in real dollars and cents would be fixed, in Mr. Clark's scheme, by painstaking actuarial investigation. Existing figures which he cites seem to show that the figure per patient treated would be less than half the average per patient treated by private practitioners now. The distribution of this cost, however, would be different, since the fixed price spoken of above would be a yearly payment or premium exacted from every subscriber to the guild, sick or well. It would thus constitute, in effect, an insurance against sickness—that desideratum which is universally admitted, and which has baffled all efforts thus far to bring it about in anything like a complete or satisfactory way. When one considers the actual sum which Mr. Clark mentions as a tentative yearly premium for an average family—$150—one cannot but feel that the certainty of securing for this sum a year's complete medical and hospital service for the entire domestic group would cause a run on Mr. Clark's membership blanks that would exhaust them in a day or so. Two causes would combine to keep the premium charged at approximately this level: the reduction in overhead costs, referred to above, which would follow from the pooling of offices, staffs and equipment; and the periodical medical examination which would be insisted upon for all subscribers, as a preventive, and hence a sound economic, measure. With the public and the medical profession alike dissatisfied with the prevailing conditions, we cannot see why Mr. Clark's plan should not be tried out.

WITH the departure of Mr. George N. Shuster, managing editor of this journal, on October 4, for six months' stay abroad, The Commonweal, which already owes so much to his vigorous and creative editorial judgment, to say nothing about the inestimable benefits which have come to it through his writings, must console itself by the thought of what it will gain through his absence while doing its best to make up for what it is bound to lose. For Mr. Shuster will continue to write for The Commonweal from abroad: "whenever there is something to discourse about and the normal joys of sightseeing do not interfere," was the way he himself expressed the matter. But we are too well aware of his manifold interests, and of his happy faculty for expressing these interests, not to be certain that our pages during the coming months will be richer and more profitable than ever before. The primary cause of Mr. Shuster's journey was an invitation received from the Vereinigung Carl Schurz to visit Germany, confer with its great leaders, and examine at first hand its more notable institutions and various social movements: economic, political, intellectual and religious. He will not, however, confine himself to Germany, as Austria, Italy, France and perhaps England will also be visited.

A Commonweal Voyage

ONE current trend in the modernization of education we hear about, has our wholehearted support. It is the very practical business of getting across streets safely which, under various auspices, is being taught in the schools. The result of the work seems to be apparent. In the last two years in New York, it has recently been revealed by Albert W. Whitney of the National Casualty Underwriters bureau, that while casualties among grown persons from traffic accidents have increased 35 percent, and among children under school age, have increased 15 percent, these accidents for children of school age have decreased 24 percent. In Philadelphia, where school children street patrols were not allowed, the death rate went up 15 percent. These patrols—usually honored pupils extremely serious and proud of their duty, and wearing distinguishing arm bands or caps—are credited with doing the most good, while training by lectures and movies in the lethal perils of traffic is held responsible for a large measure of the effectiveness of the patrols. With this intelligent work on the pedestrians bearing such excellent results, we recommend sentences of full courses and credits in safe driving, to be taught in the jails, for those potential maimers and murderers who drive through traffic lights or otherwise violate the safety regulations.

Life-Saving Education

OUR conviction on the subject of censorship has always been that it is defensible and necessary in theory, but unsatisfactory and dangerous in practice. However, if the power lay with us, we should be willing to sink our scruples for once, and limit with an iron hand the use (it is generally by the tabloids) of a certain type of news story and a certain type of police photograph, which afflict the reader with increasing frequency. The photograph depicts thugs and hold-up men at the moment of capture: that is, bloody, disheveled and semi-conscious after their beating by the police. We do not here pronounce

For a Bigger Blue-Pencil

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upon the necessity of the beating; we do say that these triumphant exhibitions of what the strong-arm squad can do when it really puts its muscle to it, can have no conceivable effect except to brutalize the sensibilities of the mass of readers. We make an even stronger protest against the news story which prints the details of abnormal and perverse crimes. Such details are not needed as deterrents to the normal majority, and they have a dreadful message for other deformed imaginations, as is seen by the fact that one of these pathological outrages is usually followed by others. Within a fortnight the leading tabloid of the city has printed such a story. If, as is more than possible, that story becomes the seed of a similar criminal monstrosity somewhere else, that paper will be morally responsible for it.

Learning from Friends

WHAT We May Learn from Our Roman Catholic Friends, is the title of a short but important article written by a retired Methodist bishop, Dr. Joseph F. Berry, and recently published in the Binghamton Sun. After making it quite clear, with courteous firmness, that there are some things in the teachings and policies of the Catholic Church which as a Protestant he cannot accept, Bishop Berry proceeds to enumerate "some admirable features which Protestants would do well to imitate." There are ten of these features, ranging from the Church's "remarkable esprit de corps" to the loyalty shown by Catholics "to the historic doctrine" of the Church. No doubt, Bishop Berry's own experience with and interest in what might be regarded as the technical aspects of religious organization and discipline, such as financing, the problems connected with church discipline, and so forth, quite naturally led him to study such features of the Catholic Church. He finds them admirable and recommends them to his fellow Protestants. One point selected by him for approval is of greater general concern than matters of organization and financing, for when Bishop Berry extols "the vigilant care it [the Church] gives to the religious training of its children," he is well aware, of course, of the fact that as matters stand today the Church can only give such vigilant care through maintaining at vast expense of money and energy its own school system. Bishop Berry must also know that the Catholic school is a rock of offense in the eyes of a great body of his fellow citizens. It is to be hoped that the example set by him in really studying the spirit as well as the exterior system of the Church, as a result of which study he finds so much to recommend in the Catholic Church, may be followed by others who at present are offended, or anyhow puzzled, by those very features which this informed student finds admirable as well as imitable.

WHAT Catholics may learn from their Protestant friends is also suggested by Bishop Berry's article, though he himself does not formulate the suggestion. We might learn that there are far more friendly and informed observers of our Church than we are apt to suppose when we permit ourselves to be annoyed or angered by misunderstandings or opposition. We might also learn that the highly practical, and often really admirable, manner in which non-Catholics, Christians and Jews and unbelievers alike, put into practice their deepest principles for the benefit of society in general furnishes an example which Catholics should learn to follow, particularly along lines of coöperation with those others in all ways which do not compromise or deny their own religious principles. And there are many such ways. If Catholics, for instance, would organize to study, understand and apply the sociological teachings of Pope Leo XIII, as laid down for American Catholics in the Reconstruction Program of the United States Bishops, and in the Bishops' Joint Pastoral Letter, and would link up their own activities along that line with the reasonable and approvable efforts of others, we would soon be well on our way toward a real reform of some of the worst evils which are now afflicting society. Bishop Berry is to be thanked and congratulated for a notable lesson in true coöperation.

AMERICAN ART

WITH the opening of the Carnegie International Exhibition in Pittsburgh this week, at which some three hundred works by European artists and some hundred and thirty works of Americans will be shown, we are reminded of the recommendation of Henri Matisse, Europe's most distinguished and amusing master who has served on this year's selection committee, that American artists ought to stay in America. He urged this from sincere and gracious motives. Having just completed travels that had taken him abroad over the land, he had marveled that any artist could leave this country with its wealth of natural beauty which has been comparatively little exploited artistically.

This is a proposition every American can enthusiastically endorse. There is little question that our industrial civilization has much to gain from arts and that this is recognized not only by the industrial leaders who have the means to patronize the artists, but also by that larger public that makes for a cheerful volume of applause, and in the end, through bequests and foundations, enjoys the finest collections.

If our men of wealth have been a little slow in recognizing the work of native artists, we believe the neglect can be explained by two factors which do not put the burden of blame on the soullessness of the business man. The reasons are—and they are not paradoxical though superficially they may seem so—first, that there is a little too much modesty in advancing the merits of American artists and, second, that of recent years the prevailing character of their work has been too critical and lacking in that joyous appreciа-

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tion and creativeness that the tired man of affairs naturally expects of art. This joylessness was of course not a characteristic of the work of Whistler or Twachtman. It is not now a characteristic of the work of Hassam or Jonas Lie. But on the whole in recent American shows, there has seemed to us too much concern with harsh realities—realities so harsh that they would be depressing things to live with. They would be too constant reminders of things which normal persons, we imagine, would rather forget.

Beauty recognizable by the layman has been regarded by the trenchant young moderns as being mere prettiness or possibly the slightly senile sentimentality of academicians. This may have been a brave attitude, this facing the worst and putting it down unvarnished, but bravery is not enough. As a sustained and self-conscious attitude it is apt to become truculence, which, whatever its virtue of independence, does not attract friendships. A new phase should follow—a flowering of an art beyond criticism, appreciative of the beauties and the possibilities of beauty in its world. This art will not have far to look for appreciators either at home or abroad.

It will be a return to the best in American art's splendid and truly native tradition; one that is not now boldly enough recognized, from timidity, perhaps, in comparing it with foreign traditions that have been longer in the field, and from the transient critical phase we have noted, in which artists have been especially concerned with divorcing themselves from any tradition. As Mr. Frederic Price, president of the American Art Dealers' Association, recently asserted, American landscape art is the finest in the world. Matisse also has said something of this sort, although naturally not in such sweeping terms. And the fact, while not diminishing the wisdom of Matisse's counsel to American artists to develop a strictly American art, is an answer to it.

A strictly American art has been developed, and the familiar insistence that it is something yet to be accomplished, slights what has been done. A further instance of this lack of appreciation is given by an incident Mr. Price relates of spending the summer in seeking to find dealers abroad who would show American works, and of not being able to find one who would undertake to keep and show one canvas. Another instance is the awarding of the leading prizes at the Carnegie show in recent years to Europeans. While in certain cases the justice of this has been beyond question, in others the decision has certainly been in favor of the visitors to such an extent that, while not wishing to be ungracious, we could desire a little more of that quality of self-assertiveness which is usually not lacking in Americans.

Although it is true that we owe much to what we might call the mother countries, our art has long achieved an independence that should be as well recognized as our national independence. While in the North in colonial times we derived from transplanted English influences, and in the South and West, from French and Spanish, our very first America-born painters of note, Copley and Stuart, West and Peale, already showed a marked character peculiarly American. There is in their work, strength, simplicity, and an uncompromising honesty that well suits the time and place they lived in, and without their being bothered by the term or its technical restrictions, the harmony of their portraiture with the influences that created it is admirable impressionism. After the Revolution, we find a further growth in our art's national character. The artists went to no foreign parts to study, and they were pleased with the native scene. Most of them were products of the engraver's school and their canvases are delightful in their naive minutiae. Every blade of grass, every rock, every tree on a distant hillside, and even small details of roots and snakes and butterflies that do not emerge, like hidden faces in picture puzzles, until on careful inspection one suddenly sees them—all these things were put down with a quite miraculous clearness of sight. The work was in keeping with the clear air and the absorbing interest in nature in this new world.

Subsequently began the tendency of our artists to study abroad. There were reasons for this besides the reputation of the foreign masters. One was that living in the foreign art centres was relatively cheap. Another was that there was an esprit de corps among artists. There was an art world in which, if one were an artist, one could live among companions vitally interested in the same thing that oneself was interested in. In this country where the term "arty" connotes contempt, there is an unfortunate habit of looking down on the community of artists. The fact remains that this mutuality of interests and work is and always has been encouraging, as much to the artist as the same sort of thing is to the business man in his sphere. As a result, most of our artists became products of the foreign schools—William Morris Hunt, Innes, John La Farge, notably coming under the French, while Duveneck, Currie and Chase responded to the German Romanticism of the times. Yet all of them, with the exception of Whistler, returned to their native land, and their mature work is unquestionably American with the same characteristics that stamped the works of the earliest American artists. Twachtman, Davies and Sargent are the flowers of this period. Their work is the crowning perfection of European methods transplanted to the American scene, though Sargent always maintained a strong British accent, and Davies was a poet of the geographically undefinable land of fancy.

With these records of accomplishment, there is every reason for American artists to remain in America and interpret the hope of our large and varied nation. In the spirit of more confidence and less criticism, they will achieve again that good nature that will reaffirm the faith of our people in beauty and extend abroad a reputation of which we may be proud.

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THE ECONOMIC AFTERMATH

By JOHN CARTER

While Mr. Carter—whose chief occupation is to observe economic and political realities from the world-wide post of observation afforded by the State Department at Washington—does not, as so many economic medicine men have done, advise the application of mind cure methods as a panacea for our present ills, nevertheless he does bring a decidedly cheerful note to the discussion of a woful theme. For he believes that we in this country are over the worst of the economic typhoon, and bases his judgment upon facts and not mere optimistic hopes.—The Editors.

THERE is little doubt that we have been economically intoxicated for more than a decade. In 1914 Russia was knocked out of the world's economic picture. For all practical purposes, Europe's principal alternative source of raw materials—grain, petroleum and lumber—ceased to exist. And there the American farmer stood, ready to supply all comers at pretty much his own price. Then Europe's industrial equipment was turned over to war production or was actually crippled by military action, and the genie of American mass production jumped up and began grinding out the goods for all the markets of the world. Finally, the war knocked the bottom out of many European currencies, while defeat simply wiped German, Russian and Austro-Hungarian finance off the map, and lo! American bankers sat waiting with a huge reservoir of credit, backed by the greatest gold reserve in history and by a stable currency. A few sips of this heady mixture of economic and financial power, and we were showing copies of our federal constitution to European monarchies and telling the Russians exactly what we thought of them. We did not stop until the Federal Reserve sent over the patrol wagon in the fall of 1929.

Now we have little to show for it but unemployment, low commodity prices, frozen collateral and a dawning realization that we barely escaped a serious catastrophe. Observe what happened. If—and it is only an accident which prevents that "if" from reading "when"—the Senate had done as it was urged and had promptly ratified the Smoot-Hawley tariff during the special session of 1929, almost the first thing that would have followed would have been the Wall Street auto da fé of November last, followed by the big slump in our foreign trade, world-wide economic depression and serious unemployment. The *post hoc, propter hoc* argument is politically irresistible and we should have been saddled in all eyes, including our own, with the direct responsibility for having brought untold woes upon mankind. The blind luck which sometimes presides over our national destinies induced the Senate to toy with the tariff until its enactment followed all the calamities which it might have been said to have occasioned. A world which was almost persuaded to regard us as a menace was cheated of a wonderful opportunity.

In the next few months, we shall pretty generally have forgotten the realities of our present predicament and in the mythology of party politics we are not likely to be reminded of the truth, so before we try to start something again, we might as well try to remember what really happened after we ordered another round of prosperity unlimited.

Much as it may flatter our pride to believe that our wicked speculation in the stock market shook the world to its foundations, it had little or nothing to do with the case. High money rates here and the decline of foreign lending in 1929 put a good deal of strain on foreign exchange and tended to weaken foreign gold reserves, but had only a slight effect on the world's economy. The Wall Street crisis was a barometric symptom of the coming storm; it was an investor's, not a banker's, panic; and it rates, in comparison with the panic of 1837, as a breeze rates with a cyclone.

So far as any one country can be held responsible for starting the slump, that country is China. The continued disorganization and civil war in eastern Asia, coupled with a resultant decline in Chinese productivity and buying power, caused Chinese currency to decline in value. It happens that China has had a silver currency, as has India. The slump in silver led to financial distress in India, Ceylon and the Malay States. For the rest of the world, however, silver is not so much money as it is a commodity. The value of silver as a commodity fell in sympathy and that, combined with the decline in Chinese and Indian purchasing power, led to depression in those countries with important Asiatic trade relations, namely Great Britain, Japan and the United States.

This led in turn to the appearance of overproduction in other lines. In a short time, the world discovered that it had more wheat and meat, more rubber and tin, more oil and copper, more automobiles, shoes, cloth and coal, than it had the collective intelligence to distribute and consume. Under our peculiar economic system, the automatic result of abundance is distress: men lost jobs; wages were reduced. This led to further progressive declines in purchasing power and to fresh unemployment. The price of every commodity fell—wheat, cotton, coal, petroleum, copper, steel, lumber—everything. As capital charges, rent and interest, remained constant, this reduced profits, dividends and wages, and caused business failures, leading to new declines in purchasing power and to more unemployment. The effect was deadly.

Now that Wall Street has steadied down and the price level no longer heaves beneath us, we are in a

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position to see what has happened. We are confronted by a paradoxical spectacle. There is M. Aristide Briand requesting a polite but cautious continent to try to be a United States of Europe. There is that eminently respectable old gentleman known as British Imperial Preference, still talking earnestly to the dominions on the great advantage of letting the United Kingdom supply all their manufactures. There is the extraordinary spectacle of Soviet Russia's Five-Year Plan for establishing an American materialistic millenium of mass production as a suitable memorial to Father Marx. Whatever else we have done, we seem to have started a fashion in economics. After our own experience with a continental economy, none of these developments should cause us undue alarm.

Actually, of course, we will have plenty to worry about; we always have. Menaces come and go and, while we are not yet able to handle them as well as we thought we could, we shall get used to them after a while. We shall have to. In the meantime, we are confronted with two great problems which will require clear thinking and steady determination if we are to avoid serious difficulty. The first is the problem of competition, the second the problem of debt. If we can solve these, our third and greatest problem—unemployment—will solve itself.

There is now a well-defined trend in Europe to obtain raw materials outside of the United States. British, French and German copper interests are withdrawing from our copper export association and plan to get their copper from the newly developed African mines. However, the cost of transportation, the difficulty of obtaining adequate and reliable native labor and the absence of an appropriate volume of exports to Africa, suggest that American copper can hold its own, in a volume and at a price which will meet competition in this field. For years Great Britain has been trying to develop satisfactory sources of cotton inside British Africa, as has France in northern Africa, but in spite of good progress no appreciable difference has appeared in our cotton export. Now Soviet Russia plans to develop a huge cotton belt in Turkestan, which may modify the situation, but in the meantime there is a report that a new chemical treatment of flax may undermine the world's entire cotton industry, as rayon has undermined the world's silk industry. Europe has been getting its petroleum increasingly from Russia, Rumania, the near East and the Dutch East Indies, and the Shell combine appeared to have the jump on Standard in Europe and even in the United States. However, after fighting Shell with Russian oil, Standard has recently perfected and patented a process for making two barrels of gasoline grow where one grew before. In coöperation with German technical interests, Standard has pulled this winning card out of its sleeve, and, bar miracles, can bring Shell to terms.

Soviet Russia is coming back into the European economic picture, with plenty of grain, lumber, coal and oil for export purposes. This is bound to affect our interests and the Federal Farm Board may yet find its hands full meeting Soviet wheat, to say nothing of Soviet cotton whenever the Turkestan project starts functioning. Swedish, Finnish and Canadian lumber interests are already disturbed by Soviet competition and Russian matches have even made a dent in the Swedish match trust.

Superficially, we ought to be intensely worried. Actually, however, we need not be concerned, as Russian trade for several years to come will be conducted at a considerable political risk. There is always the chance—admittedly a dwindling one—of a political upset in Russia and a new era of Russian disorganization. More disturbing to trade is the fact that Russia is surrounded by a ring of unfriendly or disturbed nations. There is danger of trouble in Manchuria with China and Japan, in central Asia with China and British India, in Turkey and Persia with Great Britain, in Rumania and Poland with France, and in the Baltic States with Great Britain. Russian sources of raw and semi-manufactured materials can be utilized only under the threat of interruption. Of the other raw material countries, Australia, South Africa, the Argentine and Canada, all but the latter are either so remote from Europe or lack so considerable a volume of direct trade as to make them unsatisfactory long-term sources of supply.

Moreover, the recent outburst of political revolution in South America, culminating in the overthrow of the Irigoyen régime in the Argentine, has served to advertise one of our greatest economic assets: political stability. Not only is trade with us immune from the menace of disturbed relations with our immediate neighbors, but our domestic system is so firmly established and so free from political disorders that only natural calamities—such as the recent drought—or deliberate administrative policies—such as the Smoot-Hawley tariff—can appreciably affect our economic productivity.

More serious is the world's industrialization, a process which will in time end international competition and one which we are accelerating. Europe has largely reconstructed her industries with American capital since the war; Germany did it with depreciating marks; France utilized German reparations for her industrial rejuvenation and has become, among other things, the largest steel exporter in the world. Great Britain has just set up a financial dictatorship to "rationalize" her antiquated industries. American brains and equipment are helping Russia prepare for mass production. American capital has been widely invested in industrial development elsewhere. The process has cut away traditional markets and transformed agricultural states. Now Canada and Australia pride themselves on their industrial development and do not intend to offer it up like Isaac on the altar of British Preference; they will select instead some innocent ram caught in the economic thicket—or perhaps a bull would be a more appropriate beast.

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India and China are rapidly becoming industrialized, to the intense discomfort of Great Britain and Japan, respectively, whose capital is largely responsible for the very situation which they deplore. Argentina and Brazil are making strides toward industrialization which may one day embarrass our own industries.

In this imbroglio, a few American industries are likely to be seriously compromised. However, the judicious establishment of branch factories abroad, especially in the automobile industry, may give us an economic alibi, although it will not lessen the difficulty in explaining things to labor at home. In fact, the very situation which provoked the present crisis—overproduction—will persist, because the world's capacity for production is constantly increasing, while its organization of distribution is disproportionately neglected. The real task of the future is to prevent competition from producing the scandal of an overproduction coupled with unemployment. However, until this task is accomplished, our unique concentration of fuel and minerals, power and equipment, agricultural and raw materials, brains and enterprise, diplomatic detachment and political stability, combined with our central insular position with respect to Europe, Asia, Africa, Australasia and South America, should give us an excellent chance of coming out on top.

We will be aided in this by the painful pressure of debt. We have invested about twenty-five billions of dollars, including war debts, throughout the world. The era of low prices which has begun may be hard on the debtor but it enhances the power of the creditor. It means that the debtor will have to work longer and produce more to meet interest charges and to repay principal than he did before. Naturally, creditors will suffer also. There may be bankruptcies, default and repudiation. However, repudiation is the first step toward Bolshevism, of which our chief debtors are more afraid than we are, inasmuch as they themselves are also creditors and are far more dependent on the repayment of debt and the collection of interest than are we.

More uncomfortable will be the ill-will which creditors will incur. We all remember that Kansas raised "less corn and more hell" when the "Crime of '73" meant that mortgages incurred in a period of high war prices had to be paid with corn produced in a period of low prices. Everybody who pays rent or interest will feel the pinch and that old scarecrow, Uncle Shylock, will make the grand tour again, while Moscow will chuckle at capitalistic unpopularity. Just the same, financially we will have a great part of the world on its good behavior and, granted a little self-control in Wall Street and a little intelligence in Washington (qualities more common in those places than is generally supposed), we will be able to muddle through.

However, long-range views are comforting only to the economist and the political philosopher; they are not particularly cheering to those who failed to pick the pea from under the right stock certificate or to the thousands of men who want work. We have millions of unemployed and it is disgraceful not to be able to help them. Our farmers have seen the price of wheat drop so low that it is not worth growing, and that is another disgrace. Our foreign trade has gone down so far that government statisticians wince. Our economic discontent is helpng bolster up the morale of the Communists and may play into the hands of social agitators and political opportunists in both camps. The farmers have already saddled the country with a $500,000,000 revolving fund, which is revolving so fast that it is hard to catch hold of any of it. The veterans have just made a successful pension grab. Our tariff is the best advertised in the world and a convenient excuse for any economic bad manners which may be shown us. On the other hand, the world no longer regards us as a menace; other countries are, with variations, in as bad or a worse way, and they have decided that the way to improve conditions is not so much to injure others as to assist themselves. That is clear gain.

We are over the worst of things ourselves. Of course, there is plenty of trouble ahead, but it is helping us to think purposefully about our economic system for the first time in a generation. Given a fillip to our self-confidence, we shall snap out of it, a wiser if not a sadder nation. For it is probable that in the future we will stick to the beer of genuine prosperity and not mix it with financial crême de menthe or speculative brandy. In time, we may even learn to carry our economic power like a gentleman. When that time comes, we shall have reached economic maturity; just now we are engaged in wondering whether it is not time to abandon the exhilarating but debilitating pastime of sowing our economic wild oats.

Splendid Doom

Whatever subtle power it is
That links each stone and tree,
Its secret correspondences
Man feels but cannot see.

Dark hills and streams and waterfalls
Evoke a presence near—
A sense as of a voice which calls
But which he cannot hear.

He cannot glimpse with his poor power
The root whence rootlets wind—
The flower behind the changing flower;
Till he is worse than blind.

The secret knotted to each stem
And feeding every cell—
The pulsing network tying them
Is all invisible.

And so this splendid doom for man
Remains his destiny:
His heart must hold more beauty than
His eyes can ever see!

LOUIS GINSBERG.

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Places and Persons

ON THE PADRES' TRAIL

By LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

THE Franciscans were the first and best of our kind in the red land that is New Mexico. In them, Spain is aureoled. Neither they nor their country's policy was cruel to Amerindia, though conquistador armies were. Passionate in piety as in conquest, the government sent the *frailes* too: spiritual envoys seeking souls for heaven as no less important than new citizens for the state. These monks were mostly young and cultured dons from the universities, aflame for service on a strange, far continent.

They brought crafts and garden seeds as well as religion and gave to art, with primitive labor, the simplest tools and crude wood, stone and earth, a pure and noble architecture based on the native dwelling, which is music in its harmony with the western scene and unique in the world.

It was thought at home that the Indians, then in the New Stone Age, could be educated quickly to a normal status. The padres knew better, though they hoped that a few generations of training in the white culture would set their dusky charges free. Wealth grew around them, held in trust, for the sons of Francis are vowed to poverty. But the sword prevailed over the cross. Since the padres preached and practised patience under outrage, a simple race became confused and thought their doctrine as evil as the yoke of slavery. When it could bear no more, vengeance sought all alien blood. In 1680, Spain was murdered in New Mexico. It was the heaviest blow ever dealt to the white man in America. The pueblos were at bay twelve years. Then the fathers came back with the conqueror De Vargas, to labor in this picturesque field for more than a century. Mexico declared independence, the Franciscans were exiled and the missions died, though in the parish churches of many old clan towns, their lamps burn on. The land has been American since, on August 18, 1846, General Kearny flew the stars and stripes over the old palace of the governors at Santa Fé.

Sadly one observes how the inartistic good-will of our century has altered these poetic shrines. Some have been ruthlessly destroyed. Rebuilding has insulted massive walls with foolish roofs or incongruous steeples, undignified as cap and bells. Happily, a crusade has begun for proper restoration.

In early Christian days San Ildefonso was an important mission. Its priests were killed at the altar in 1680 and, years later, the padre who succeeded these martyrs was burned to death in the convent. But fair Ildefonso is very gentle now. Its chapel, built in 1700, has been remodeled into prose.

San Francisco de Asis of Nambé, founded in 1598, was razed in the great rebellion, but Spain came back and its church of that far time endured until it fell into ruins. A new "American" chapel took its place. Santa Clara has the same tale to tell. In the home of the artist Gerald Cassidy at Santa Fé are doors and vigas carved and painted and dim with exquisite age, that were rescued from Nambé when it tumbled down.

Santo Domingo, after the bloody episode of 1680, built a new mission in 1707, that was swept away in the Rio Grande flood of 1886. Its latest church is beautiful, in pure pueblo style, but pagan and Christian symbols war upon its doors. San Diego of Tesuque was built before 1625 and survives; perhaps because the terrible revolution was directed from this somnolent adobe town. Santa Ana is pale and massive in primitive beauty in its pueblo and Neustra Señora de la Ascension at Zia knows no change. On every fifteenth of August its people dance an ancient, spectacular red prayer.

Pecos is a Franciscan monument whose broken walls are dramatic at prehistoric Cicuye. Founded in 1617, destroyed in 1680, rebuilt in 1693, it was deserted in 1840, when the last five inhabitants of the venerable city in which it stands withdrew to dwell with kindred folk at Jemez. Miles of submerged ruins, old when Europe was young, surround the dead chapel. All honor to the eastern school that has lifted the shattered splendor of Pecos from the enshrouding dust of time!

San Miguel at Santa Fé, now the chapel of a school, is said to be the oldest church in the United States. Its great beams and walls, puncheon pavement and faded native and Spanish art arouse interest plaintive and profound. Ugly in unwise restoration and tawdry touches of a later time, it is touching still. Sacred dust is there and legend says its bell was cast in fourteenth-century Spain. A Cimabue Madonna is dingy on the wall.

In the sky-city of Acoma, one finds a Gregorian chant colossal in clay shouting from the cliffs. Superb, changeless, San Esteban rises on its imperial base. The golden adobe walls are ten feet thick and the story is that the immense timbers were brought from forests leagues away, and on their journey never touched the ground. Earth for graveyard and mission was carried from the plain far below, up to these towering crags. It was the work of years. The result is silhouetted against eternity incredibly lovely and remote. San Esteban has many treasures, especially a painting of Saint Joseph given to its first padre by Charles II of Spain. Laguna borrowed it for its

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own mission whose pale walls and windowed bells endure in primitive purity and strength. During half a century the two pueblos fought themselves into bankruptcy over its possession. American courts decided the ownership in 1847.

In despite of which fervor Acoma is pagan; however, its dour, handsome people go in pompous barbaric parade in honor of Saint Stephen every year. They do not forget the massacre of 1599 when Spain took their fortress, deemed unconquerable, and so held the pueblos in a yoke of fear for eighty years. Thirty passed before the vanquished had the heart to rebuild their town. Then the Franciscans came, and glory that is San Esteban.

I crossed the high road before the inn at Jemez Hot Springs in the bright stillness of early sun. Yellow buds were thick on spreading cactus bushes making a green-gold garden of this hushed place. Suddenly, without warning, I came to the ruins of Jemez Abbey, and for an ineffable moment was caught up beyond space, beyond time. All around its beautiful stricken austerity is the other mighty debris of masonry, once convent, schools, shops of Franciscan settlement.

This valley with its gushing waters and great fertility has called pueblo farmers down the ages. The padres found a flourishing village at their world's end. The future may grind the stones of their chapel into dust but when all are one with earth again and only the cactus burns candles of remembrance, those who pass here must know that it is holy ground. Amid the stern rude glory of these now ruined walls, Fray Salmerón wrote, while Pilgrims voyaged east, a catechism in the Jemez language for his wondering proselytes. In 1680 church and pastor died together. Years later De Vargas brought the bones of Padre Juan de Jesus to Santa Fé. Priest and soldier lie together there near the ancient altars of San Miguel.

Isleta, prosperous by the Rio Grande, is charming with its radiating streets and low adobes. The ocean-to-ocean highway cuts it sharply in two and the pueblans are distinctive in flat sombreros and white, gaily piped shirts elaborately inset with lace. Old San Augustin is "restored" with New England spires on its imposing native bulk. The king and queen of the Belgians must remember Isleta through the varied pageantry of royal lives. There, after Mass, they were enthroned on magnificent Navajo rugs and Amerindia danced for them its gorgeous best.

San Agustin: that dates from a mission of 1629, destroyed in 1680; has a legend. It is of Fray Juan de Padilla, of Coronado's train, martyred and buried on the desert, whose body in after years was conveyed to this sanctuary to lie beneath its floor. Legend says that his corpse, perfectly preserved, rises to the surface at stated intervals; different accounts mention from one to twenty years.

Once "Yunque" was the name of a pueblo, but that was before Oñate came up from the south, his great wagon train moving on the first wheels in our United States. So courteous was their reception that a new title was bestowed: "San Juan de los Caballeros"—"Saint John of the Gentlemen." Here was built in 1598 the first church in New Mexico, whence seven padres walked forth, alone, unarmed, to found as many missions in that savage virgin field.

Yet, Popé, leader of the 1680 war, was of San Juan. Oñate's chapel, damaged then, was repaired and served till 1890. Today, as in the sixteenth century, they dance the ancient steps of Yunque in honor of Saint John.

On to Taos! Southward, the Rio Grande is choked by sand or flows sluggishly in mud, but here it is alive with sparkle of its mountain birth. Its magnificent canyon is tense between sheer walls and hilly slopes, solemn in black basalt, cloudy with grey sage. The wayside is a golden aisle of flowering chimisa. Deep shade, sleepy quiet, dark bluffs of lava and always water, splashing against jet rocks or dreaming in blue pools. Abruptly the path rises to table-land. An appalling black gash cuts across the landscape beyond, where an indomitable current, sweeping down like a sword on the level plain, still gouges at the earth below. One must walk monotonous fields to reach the brink and find the secret of this awesome rift. The day I saw it white clouds rested over the zenith and the south, white clouds covered horizons ahead, but high on the pale north, a snowy wonder of white against white, emerged the stupendous heads of the Taos peaks.

Rancho de Taos, a Mexican settlement beside the road, seems a pueblo with its adobe houses, plaza, old church and swarthy folk, but the difference is an abysmal gap of races between Amerindia of the ages and Spain of yesterday. This little town derives from the conquistadores. Its masterpiece is a chapel of ponderous buttresses and bell towers that look as though molded from one gigantic saffron block. Never a mission, it dates only from 1772. The holy-water font near its threshold is a coarse yellow mixing bowl, whose counterpart can be bought for a quarter at any kitchenware counter in the United States. Yet it is a precious thing to these poor Mexicans, because it is unlike the vessels that they know and comes from afar. Here, in a country of surpassingly beautiful native pottery, they chose a rarer thing for the blessing of the Lord.

The interior of the chapel is small and shabby. Modern statuary of no high order jars here with santos and boltos of primitive art, and back of the altar are faint paintings worn by a hundred and fifty years. There is an arresting old life-size picture of Christ, remarkable with its thorn-crowned, tortured head and crimson robe.

Taos pueblo is some miles beyond the famous little yellow town that art has made its own. The men of this Amerind village are famed for their picturesqueness. Their white draperies set off the stateliness which is the heritage of their mingling of Apache

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blood. The plaza of the pueblo is a striking spectacle. From it the two great communal dwellings of summer and winter clans mount in regal terraces to the sky. The clear ever-flowing little river gurgles between. These houses are as dramatic as the new step-back architecture of New York, with a spirit indescribably poetic and old.

The first mission of San Geronimo at Taos died in the tragedy of 1680; the second fell in 1847 when the pueblo warred with the United States. The present San Geronimo keeps lovely fitness of vigaed walls, stepped gateway, high cross and bell tower. Its parishioners are also children of the sun and race in honor of that brilliant god. On festal days colorful prehistoric ceremonies salute the newer saints.

We entered the pueblo on an enigmatic sight. On the highest ledge of each great house, sunset light streaming over him, stood a commanding figure wrapped in whiteness. Both seemed prophets of old crying portent on the town. Each cacique in turn took up the, to us, unintelligible call. Throughout the village men, women and children were mysteriously active. Some were gathering wood, some were chopping trunks into logs at their doorways and others, young and old, big and little, hastened with armfuls of fuel to where a huge pile awaited further contributions. The scene was fantastic. We were the only strangers there and felt ourselves intruders on a secret pagan rite.

An acquaintance strayed toward us, black eyes smiling out of his immaculate robes. The illusion of a young heathen god was spoiled by his waving cigarette. His name is not White Eagle nor Son of the Morning, as it should be, but Pat Concha. His English is as good as ours. He does not disapprove, as Taos does generally, of tourist visitors. "Let them come! It will be an education for them." He is right.

Now he said: "It is Sunday evening and no one has to work at this time. So the two chiefs up there are telling every man, woman and child in the pueblo to lay a bundle of wood on the heap before the governor's house. It is for our padre who will be here next Sunday to say Mass. Winter is coming. We must keep him warm."

TALES OF A LITERARY AGENCY, I.

By THOMAS BURKE

WHEN my friend asked me to tea, and I pleaded an engagement, she reinforced the invitation with, "But do come. You'll meet such a lot of authors. Really interesting ones." When I again said "No," she looked surprised, and added, "But they'll all be authors." I pleaded then that I lived with one, and that I had to wash it, and feed it, and do its hair, and make it work, and that when I went out I liked a change. Perceiving that that was not enough, I urged that in my youth I had spent six years in a literary agency; but she appeared to regard the statement as inconsequent, and went away huffed.

Yet anybody who has had close business contact with authors will understand. However charming we may be at literary teas, most of us, when talking to our agents, reveal such shallows that, when I left that agency, I left it with the feeling that I did not want to see any more authors for quite a long time. Even today I detest shaving myself.

But in retrospect those years at the agency were interesting, and recollection of them often affords me an impish delight. It amuses me, at this date, to compare the pomposity of some of the arrivistes of those days (blest with a number of friends on the literary press) with their present standing. It affords me, too, a belief in poetic justice when I note the present standing of some of the unassuming, who did not cultivate the press. Among our clients were H. G. Wells, John Masefield, Edward Thomas, Prince Kropotkin, Sheila Kaye-Smith, W. H. Davies, Hugh Walpole, Sir Ernest Shackleton, Alfred Noyes and Roald Amundsen. We had, of course, a string of writers of no particular distinction, whose work we handled, not because it gave us pleasure, but because we could sell it and because we had to pay our rent.

By my position in the agency, which, officially, was that of a subordinate assistant, and, literally, was in a dim corner, I had excellent opportunities for observing without being observed; and I found the characteristics and behavior of our eminent authors an illuminating study. It was interesting to note the difference between the attitude of John Masefield at the height of his fame (shy, grave, courteous) and the attitude of that pushful young man who, backing his talent by a careful fostering of literary and social connections among the right people, has now come to be accepted by the not-too-clear-sighted as one of the three greatest living novelists! (I actually saw him so described the other day). Our office boy, a wise old cynic of fourteen, had a private name for this man. He had private names for most of our clients. I asked him one morning who was with the chief. He said "The Bouncer." I said "Who?" "The Bouncer. You know. . . ." The name was so apt that without further questions I did know. It was interesting, too, to note the utter self-effacement of Edward Thomas, under commercial failure, and the operatic-tenor style of some of the commercially successful, whose minds were as far from his as Huddersfield is from Shantung. Interesting, too, to note how some authors, with a reputation for holding aloof from sordid business matters, would write peevish letters about a ques-

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tionable threepence in their royalty statements; while the confessed business men trusted us wholly, and signed our contracts and our receipts with scarcely a glance at them.

I have said that I could observe without being observed; but I did not entirely escape. One of our authors spotted me. Miss Ethel Mayne (whose fine book on Byron, which we arranged, is still a standard work) in a short story about a literary agency, one of a volume of stories, Blind Eyes, gave a sketch of a youth for whom, I am pretty sure, I was the model. The sketch showed that she had not only observed me as closely as I had observed her, but had noted that I was using my opportunities for observation.

The owners of the agency—both now, alas, gone—were Frank Cazenove and G. H. Perris. The active partner was Cazenove, but Perris, though busy with much other work, including the foreign editorship of a leading daily, was not idle in the business. It was he who invented and launched (through Williams and Norgate) the Home University Library. It was a happy office, and the two partners were well matched. Any business requires thrust and enterprise directed by experience and caution. Cazenove supplied the first and Perris the second.

Cazenove was that now almost extinct thing—a *literary* agent. There are today a number of highly efficient agents who look after the business affairs of authors; I know of but one who is capable of judging and appreciating new literature, and understanding the mind of the literary artist—as distinct from the mind of the man who writes books. Cazenove had a deep and understanding love of pure letters, and an immediate instinct for quality in literature. I knew him to work for two or three years on a given manuscript because he believed (and was usually proved right) that it was literature; and many of our young clients who are today famous owe something to his keen and constructive criticism of their early work. Few agents today are capable of any real criticism. They know only what they can sell, and the only advice they are fit to offer, or do offer, to an author, is advice as to how to mutilate his work so as to give it popular and commercial appeal. Cazenove, had he been on the staff of one of the literary weeklies, would have made a considerable name as a reliable and penetrating critic; and in the restricted range of his office he did for pure literature what, in a very much wider range, Mr. Edward Garnett has done. (Conrad, Hudson, Lawrence, W. H. Davies, Liam O'Flaherty, these and many others came to literary manhood under the careful nursing of Edward Garnett.) For some of our authors—Edward Thomas, for example—he worked for years at a return that scarcely covered his postage costs in their correspondence, simply because he recognized that they were artists and was delighted in serving them. He was quite willing to lose some of our successful writers, about whose work he had no illusions; he was disappointed and hurt if one of our unremunerative but genuine writers wished to leave us.

It was as an author that I made my first contact with the agency. I had sent in a collection of about a dozen London sketches, in which Cazenove apparently found something fresh that appealed to him. He asked me to call. I called. I was then eighteen, and as I have always been behind my years I looked thirteen. I was wearing a school cap because I had nothing else to wear. When I arrived Cazenove was out, and I was asked to wait. Ten minutes later a bright and active man in the thirties came in, and, by his manner of speaking to the office boy, disclosed himself as the principal. I got up and approached him, and said, "Are you Mr. Cazenove?"

"Eh? What's that? Yes."

"I've called to—"

"Can't see you now. I've got an appointment. Tell the boy about it," he said, and went into his room.

I sat down again, too crushed even to dare to start telling the boy about it. Fifteen minutes passed, and he came out again, and spoke to the office boy:

"Didn't I make an appointment with a Mr. Burke?"

"Yerce. He's been waiting for you nearly half an hour."

"Waiting? Where?"

The boy waved his pen at me. "There!"

Cazenove stared at me, and addressed both of us at once. To the boy: "Why the devil didn't you tell me?" ("You never asked me!") To me: "I'm so sorry, Mr. Burke. But really—Good God! I wasn't expecting that the author of those sketches would be still at school. Awfully sorry. Come in!"

"I'm not still at school," I said. "I'm eighteen. And I'm a junior clerk."

"Well, well, well. Come in. This is interesting."

I went in for a ten minutes' chat, and stayed some six years as his secretary, and learned, among other things, how to be happy. In his company it was difficult to be anything else.

Wells and Masefield were, I think, our principal men. We handled Masefield's work for many years—until, indeed, the agency perished in the upheaval of 1914. Wells we had only for a year or so, and it was his serial rights only that we handled. I remember reading, in this period, advance sheets of The War in the Air, Tono Bungay, and Ann Veronica. When the serial sale of Ann Veronica was fixed, the editor with whom we had fixed it said that for serial use it must be severely cut, to the extent of about one-fifth. Wells refused to cut it, but agreed that, if tactfully done, it might be cut. I will not say who did the cutting, but I may say that on its serial appearance Wells remarked that the wretch who had done the horrid work had done it with diabolical skill. At about that time there was projected an H. G. Wells book that was not and has not yet been written. I do hope that some time he may be able to give it to us: it would be such a rich, large thrilling, contentious, glittering book. It

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was to be—A Journey round the World, by H. G. Wells. The very thought of it is exciting.

He came but once or twice to the office, and to me, at that age, those visits were occasions. When the Bouncer, bouncing upon his two early successes, arrived at the office, the door would burst open, and every room in the office would know that success had kindly come to see us. When H. G. arrived, nobody knew that he was there except the young man to whom he gave his name (me) and the chief. Before his first visit I had laid in a large stock of awe, and was prepared to display it. When he came, I found that it was not wanted. The Bouncer might have made use of it, but not H. G.

Another interesting and unborn book was germinated in the office at that time. This was to be an English Rougon-Marquart group of novels by Arnold Bennett. We were authorized by William Heinemann to approach Arnold Bennett with the idea, and to offer him an advance on royalties which, considering the meaning of money in those days, was truly royal. Bennett declined. He could not see an English Rougon-Maquart.

We were handling Masefield's work at his most interesting period. He was then experimenting with novels, with boys' stories, with plays, essays and poems. His novels—Multitude and Solitude, and The Street of Today—were good, but they were not the work of the born novelist; and his plays were attracting attention only among the select audiences of the private play societies. Then, in 1911, The Everlasting Mercy made its appearance in the pages of the English Review, at that time under the direction of Austin Harrison; and Masefield arrived. Within three days of its publication, his name, which until then had been known only in the discerning literary world, was known to the full English reading public, and, by cable, to the American public.

Soon after that there was a morning in Henrietta Street which is marked in my memory. It was the morning when three typescripts of Masefield's new poem, The Widow in the Bye Street, arrived in the office. No work was done that morning. Three of us grabbed those typescripts, and went apart into our corners. At about twelve o'clock we somehow met in the outer office, and each of us said "Well?" And then discovered that that was all we could say—we were so moved. I don't suppose The Widow in the Bye Street would move any reader of today as it moved us: poetry has met many adventures since then. But a work is of its period. Those who read Maud in the week of its publication in 1855 undoubtedly found something in it that was not there for those who first came to it in 1900; and in 1912 The Widow held for us something that it does not hold for today.

Two novelists now of established reputation, made their entry on the world of novels through our office. I mean Sheila Kaye-Smith and Hugh Walpole—the one with The Tramping Methodist, the other with The Wooden Horse. The publication of Miss Kaye-Smith's book was an immense worry to me. Unknown to herself, she deranged my peaceful life, and upset the tone and temper of the office for a whole day. We had placed it with George Bell's, and they wished to see the author. An appointment was made, and, as we ourselves had not then seen her, it was agreed that she should first call at our place, and then go on to Bell's. As she was very young, and unaccustomed to London, it was further arranged by the chief that I should escort her to Bell's. I at once threw down my pen. I was then morbidly shy and inarticulate, and the mere prospect of walking in my shabby clothes with a clever young girl, who would certainly be well dressed, all through Covent Garden to Portugal Street, was truly terrible to me.

I flatly said I wouldn't do it. I said let John, the office boy, do it; he was much more chatty than I was, and Miss Kaye-Smith would certainly prefer his escort to mine. The chief said I must do it. Miss Kaye-Smith was young and clever, and no doubt pretty, and I would enjoy it. I said that young and pretty made it all the worse; it would be hell. He said it would not. "It'll be amusing to see Tommy as a squire of dames." He drew a hasty and vivid sketch of "the two clever children" exchanging brilliant and mutually delightful conversation on the wonders of London, as they tripped through the cabbage-stalks of Covent Garden. I presented an opposite picture of exactly what it would be, and he insisted that that was all the more reason why I should do it. It would be good for me, and help to conquer my shyness. I said I'd be damned if I did it. He said plaintively, "Do please remember, Thomas, that you're one of the staff, and that I'm giving you an order."

"I *know* you're giving me an order. That's the trouble. I'm a patient and diligent secretary, and you take advantage of it."

Will you believe that I was so unnerved by this simple task of escorting Miss Kaye-Smith through that half-mile that I could think of nothing else. It weighed upon me throughout the evening, and it weighed upon me when I woke in the morning; weighed so heavily indeed that—I played truant. I did not go to the office. I wandered about St. James's Park, and did not go in until after lunch, when I knew that the dreadful affair would have been concluded. When I did go in I learned that all my agitation had been baseless. Miss Kaye-Smith had been accompanied by her father, and no escort had been needed. To this day I have never seen her.

Hugh Walpole was with us for a short time only. His manner impressed me then as a mixture of shyness and Oxford self-complacence, and one could not be sure which of the two was native. I know now that, like many shy people, he had assumed this self-complacence as an armor; but armor, once on, is hard to get off, and thus many people, who are essentially gracious, give an entirely false picture of themselves.

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ON MUSIC

By PAUL VALÉRY

OUR fine arts were established, and their types as well as their practice fixed, in a time quite distinct from ours, by men whose control of material things was insignificantly small compared with that which we now possess. But the astonishing growth of our powers, the elasticity and precision they attain, the ideas and habits which they introduce, assure us that there will be quick and very profound changes in the antique industry of the beautiful. There is a physical part in all the arts which can no longer be regarded or treated as it formerly was, and which cannot be shielded from the influence of modern science and control. Neither matter nor space nor time has been, since twenty years ago, the same as they had always been. It remains to be seen if these remarkable novelties will transform the whole technique of the arts, then secure an influence upon invention itself, and even possibly modify in an extraordinary manner the very concept of art.

Doubtless only the reproduction and transmission of works of art will be affected immediately. We shall know how to transport or reconstruct everywhere the system of sensations—or, more precisely, of excitations —which any object or event may produce anywhere. Works of art will take on a kind of ubiquity. Their immediate presence or their restoration at any moment will respond to our summons. They will no longer exist in themselves alone, but will all exist where some person, or some apparatus, happens to be. They will be nothing more than kinds of sources or origins, and their good effects will be found—or found again—whole and entire, where one wishes to find them. As in the case of water, or gas or the electric current coming from afar into our houses to fulfill our wishes, if we make an almost unnoticeable effort, so we shall be fed with visual or auditory images, appearing or disappearing if we do hardly more than lift a hand, or even give a sign. Just as we are accustomed to, if not dependent upon, receiving in our homes energy under diverse forms, so we shall find it very simple to obtain or receive there those very rapid variations or oscillations with which the organs of our senses, which gather and combine them, do all that with which we are familiar. I do not know if any philosopher has ever dreamed of a society for distributing sensible reality to the home.

Music, of all the arts, now comes nearest to transposition into the modern mode. Its nature and the place it occupies in society have destined it to be the first to be modified in its formulae of distribution, reproduction and even production. Of all the arts it is the one most in demand, the one most intercalated with social existence, the one nearest to life which it excites, or the organic functioning of which it accompanies or imitates. Whether there be question of marching or speaking, of waiting or action, of the routine or surprises of our careers, it knows how to seize upon, combine, transfigure, the charms and sensible values. It weaves for us a period of false living by expanding portions of our real living. One grows accustomed to it, one gives oneself to it with the same delight as one might to those "just, puissant and subtle" substances which Thomas De Quincey celebrated. Since it is derived directly from the effective mechanism with which it plays and works at its pleasure, it is universal in essence. It charms people, makes them dance, throughout the whole earth; like science, it has become an international need and property. This circumstance, combined with recent progress in the methods of transmission, suggests two technical problems: (1) how to make heard everywhere on the globe, at the same moment, a musical composition executed no matter where; (2) how to reproduce at any point of the globe, and at any moment, a musical composition one wishes to hear. These problems have been solved, and the solutions are growing increasingly perfect every day.

We are still quite far away from having succeeded as well with the private distribution of visual phenomena. Color and relief are still rebellious enough. A sunset on the Pacific, a Titian at Madrid, will not yet come and hang on the wall of our rooms with anything like the efficacy and verisimilitude of the symphony to which we listen.

This will come. Perhaps someone will accomplish still more, and find out how to make us see something which is at the bottom of the sea. But in so far as the universe of the ear is concerned, sounds, noises, voices, timbres, belong to us already. We can evoke them when and where we please. Formerly we could not enjoy music when we wished and according to our tastes. Our enjoyment had to adapt itself to an occasion, a place, a date and a program. How many coincidences were required! At present we are rid of a servitude so contrary to pleasure and therewith so opposed to the most exquisite understanding of works of art. To be able to choose the moment of enjoyment, to be able to indulge when that is desired not only by the mind, but insisted upon and as it were already prepared for by the soul and the whole being, means offering the best possible chance that the intentions of the composer will be realized; for it permits his creatures to live anew in a living atmosphere very little different from that which had surrounded their creation. The work of the artist, musician, composer or virtuoso, finds in recorded music the essential condition of the highest form of aesthetic rendition.

There comes to my mind now a fairy-scene which I saw as a child in a foreign theatre. Or which I think

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I saw. In the palace of the magician, the furniture talked, sang and participated in the action with poetry and mockery. A door which opened struck up a thin or pompous fanfare. If one sat down on a hassock, the choking hassock muttered some polite remark. All the flowers exhaled melodies.

I hope sincerely that we shall not go to these excesses of sonoro-magic. Already one cannot eat or drink in a café without being disturbed by concerts. But it will be marvelously pleasant to change at one's will an empty hour, a never-ending evening or an infinite holiday into prestiges, tendernesses, spirituel movements. There are murky days, there are persons utterly lonely, and it is not infrequent that old age should closet people with selves they know too well already. These vain and mournful eras, and those beings who are destined to yawns and bleak thoughts, behold them now in possession of ways and means to adorn or vivify their vacuity.

Such are the first fruits which the new intimacy between music and physics proposes to us—the immemorial alliance between which has already given us so much. And will give more.

TRADITION

By HILAIRE BELLOC

I WRITE here not on tradition in the theological sense—that is, upon the truth that we ought to trust tradition quite as much as documents for the establishment of Christian truth—for such talk is above my level, though sometimes I indulge in it. I am writing only of tradition in its most secular sense—I might almost say in its most pagan sense. I am taking for my text the domestic value of tradition to mankind.

What is this value of tradition? Why is it so important to observe with reverence what our fathers did, to continue their habits, to follow in their footsteps? All sane men feel instinctively that it is important, and the more wisdom men acquire by length of days and suffering combined—for these two properly connected together are the constituents of wisdom—the more they require tradition. The instinct is right. It is even holy. It is certainly salutary and preservative. It creates feelings of content. But why is this? Because, in the first place, tradition is a cumulative knowledge.

Take the reefing knot. When your boy first goes out to sea he cannot understand why one knot, when he has to reef a sail, will not do as well as another, and ten to one he will tie what is called a "granny" knot. The "granny" knot is the instinctive knot of mankind. That is why it is called a "granny." The grandmother does it in her own tradition and she is quite right. The "granny" is almost impossible to untie. The grandmother, in knotting two bits of thread, wants them to stay knotted, and an angel, or as idiots call it, evolution, has taught her how to tie it, but the whole point of a reefing knot is that you do not want it to stay tied. You want it to hold against a very heavy strain, and yet to let it go at a moment's notice.

No doubt it is human and right, if you have the time, to tell the boy why the reefing knot has its virtues and subserves its end (which is the mark of virtue); but the sea is a rumbustious place and there is not often time for more than tradition. Let the boy learn to tie a reefing knot and why it is done, and next year or the year after, or on the edge of the grave in extreme old age discover the rationale of it.

Men do not only make reefing knots (I wish that most men were more employed in that excellent occupation), they also cook, hunt, read, build, write and so forth, and in all of these they are in their own tradition, and always (or nearly always) the tradition is of the same kind. For it is the accumulated experience of our fathers, sometimes for a few generations, more often for an incalculable number of generations. It is tradition that has handed on proportion in the achievement of beauty. It is tradition that has formed right morals and right manners. It is tradition that makes man altogether man. No one is altogether without tradition, for anyone without tradition would die. He would not be able to speak (language is traditional) or to cook his food (cooking is traditional) or to shelter himself from cold and wet (all the crafts are traditional). But much more important than these material things, tradition makes a man spiritually full. It gives him multiplicity and humility and repose. It feeds him perpetually.

Has this appetite for tradition, then, which is normal to us, no dangers? It has certain dangers and these are of two quite distinct kinds. Tradition may be warped. And tradition may be unsuited to a change of surroundings.

When tradition is warped, it is warped by being used as a dead thing. When men do a thing without liking it, without the least idea of why they do it, there will be no profit from doing it. Their continuance in doing it is an error. The best example of this is the repetition of words which have lost their meaning to those who repeat them and to those who hear them. Dead tradition ought always to be abandoned.

But tradition, harmful through not being in pleasant surroundings, is a very difficult matter to tackle. The rule would seem to be, rather try to change your surroundings than change the tradition. The moderns who talk as though new surroundings were necessary and had to be conformed to, talk nonsense. Sometimes novel surroundings are inevitable. If the climate of a people formerly arctic turns tropic they must give up the tradition of thick clothes. A man compelled to sail the seas must give up the traditions of the land. But it is folly to say that when evils come upon society you must conform to them rather than reform them.

There is a detestable philosophy which tells us that we can become accustomed to evil until it ceases to be an evil. Our first business is not to yield but to resist. What the perverted will of man has done, the right will of man can undo.

If you ask me how tradition, the cement of unity, can be restored in a society ground to powder—as is ours today—I can only answer, "by individual effort"—by the approach to right doctrine upon all occasions, to the great immediate disadvantage of the preacher and of those whom he is attacking, but to the ultimate advantage of their world.

Star Gazers

With instruments and fashioned glass
The scholars sit by night,
To prison as the great orbs pass
Some modicum of light.

Their story is precisely told;
These see them face to face;
Lovers alone occultly hold
The bright tenure of space.

KENNETH SLADE ALLING.

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THE STORY OF APOLLO

By LOUIS GOLDING

THE title is rather misleading. I do not intend to tell in a few paragraphs the story of Apollo in the sense that Mr. Wells, for instance, gave us in a single volume The Outline of History or Mr. Norman Angell recently sketched for us The Story of Money. I would need all the space that Sir James Frazer allowed himself in The Golden Bough if I sought in any such generic sense to tell the story of Apollo.

No, the Apollo whose history I wish to record briefly is a quite specific godling. He is a plaster cast. He is slightly chipped as to the nose. He cost me half a crown. He occupied a high place in my Pantheon once, a supreme place, I might say (but I was young then). I am to tell the story of his decline. I am to indicate the lowly nature of the altar on which he stands now. I am to indicate my belief that he may some day recover something of his former eminence—something, I dare not say how much.

I first met him in the subaqueous gloom of a curiosity shop in the Doomington Road. He was surrounded by bottles in which a host of pallid snakes writhed in their final and fixed convolutions. The bleached anatomies of swordfish and marmoset lay to right and left of him. The company that not a few marble Apollos have kept for a millennium or two in sunken Aegean grottos, that plaster Apollo kept in the watery twilight of my curiosity shop.

The price asked for him was half a crown. I yearned after him greatly. Thirty pennies that Lizzie in my school basement should have received from me in return for her Jersey caramels dropped into Apollo's money-box. So he became mine. No possession I have had before or since gave me greater joy. I have since owned a Tanagra figurine, a Maillol terra-cotta, a sixteenth-century Spanish bambino, an early copy of a Greek fawn. (I have owned them, but not for long. More avidly than any wolfhound such possessions eat a man out of house and home.) If I spent a week end in a Derbyshire farmhouse Apollo came with me. If I was forced to leave him behind I came back more rapturously to him than to my kith and kin.

He went up to share my studies with me in Oxford. He knew, of course, all, and more than all, that the dons had to teach about the classics. But he permitted himself to be cynically interested in the French symbolistes and parnassiens. He inclined his head and listened, smiling faintly.

And yet before the end of my first term something had happened to Apollo, and to me, or to both of us. Once or twice I observed him rocking on his pedestal, but tremulously, like a birch leaf. Why? I cannot say. I saw in the rooms of a wealthy contemporary a seventeenth-century Italian bronze, but of a sleekness, a vitality, I cannot hope to indicate. But surely Apollo could not have been in the slightest degree endangered by a baroque bronze? Surely that is to anticipate a whole decade of aesthetic development?

Or was it that the athletes, the hearties, ragging the rooms of all the gentlemen in the back quad who wore spectacles, ragged my room also and mounted my Apollo upon the pedestal of a scarlet Dutch cheese?

That may have been at the bottom of it. Neither Apollo nor I ever quite recovered from that indignity. None the less he duly accompanied me from Oxford home and from home to Oxford at the beginning and end of the vacations. That happened for three terms. The fourth term it did not happen. The clever young men were beginning to talk of the age of Phidias and Praxiteles as sickly and sentimental. Apollo's nostrils and mine curled with anger and apprehension. But on my fourth term he did not come back with me to Oxford. And I had taken down from my walls my Burne-Joneses and Rossettis, and hung in their places Cézannes and Van Goghs.

But although Apollo remained at home, he still remained a very important personage. He had the place of honor on the top shelf of my most important bookcase. I did not mention him to my friends in Oxford, but if they came to see me they had to do obeisance to him. After a time, they refused. They could not stand anything later than the sixth-century Apollo at Delphi. So lonely I bowed my head to my plaster Apollo of the golden period, with a slight sense of guilt. Just with that sense of guilt I listened to Tannhäuser and read Ruskin.

And I hardly know how it happened, but I rose to find the Apollo had left my study and had landed in the middle of the mantelshelf in the dining-room. (Of course I had done it myself. Nobody else would have dared to touch Apollo. But I had to pretend I was surprised and annoyed about it. And I took care not to look Apollo straight in the cold blank eyes.) Dining-rooms are public places. If the Zadkine and Dobson and Maillol enthusiasts among your friends see a plaster Apollo on the dining-room mantelpiece, they don't blame you for it. They give the family the disadvantage of the doubt.

And then Apollo climbed two flights of stairs. He took up his position in the spare bedroom. There he stayed for a long time, several years. I had not forgotten him. Sometimes, when everybody was out of the house, I used to creep in to have a word or two with him. Once, on my return from a visit to a tribe of Aztec totems which an intransigent friend declared to be the only valid sculpture in existence, I pretended that the sheets in my own bed felt damp, and insisted on spending the night in Apollo's spare room. But he kept his eyes fixed on the narrow marble mantelpiece. I slept miserably all night and crept back next morning to my own room and addressed myself to my peasant carvings from Tyrol—Saint Veronica, Saint Joseph, Saint Anne, Saint Florian. They were bluff unsentimental people, but they comforted me.

And then, not long ago, a superior young man came straight from the Congo, by way of Montparnasse, to stay in our spare room. And when I took him up to wash, his eyes fell upon my Apollo, my half-crown idol, and he said nothing. But he lifted his eyebrows. He did no more than that.

When he retired for the night, he no longer found Apollo there. Apollo had betaken him to the place where he stands now, the centre of the kitchen mantelpiece, behind the clothes-rack that goes up and down on a pulley; and tea-cloths and dish-cloths are hung up to dry on that clothes-rack; and there is no steam of adoration for the nostrils of Apollo other than the smell of dish-cloths and tea-cloths drying.

As for the place of honor in my own room, on the top shelf of the chief bookcase where the signed first editions are, a carved god of the Negroes stands there. He comes from Dahomey. He is so ugly that my teeth ache when I look at him. But my friends from Montparnasse and Bloomsbury titter with excitement about him. They consider his planes in the last degree satisfactory. His form is so significant that they sit down and fan their foreheads, they feel so faint and happy.

And yet there are moments when I feel that Apollo cannot be left there much longer behind the dish-cloths and the tea-cloths. He may any day find his way up to the mantelpiece of the spare room. And when once that happens, there's no knowing what else may happen to him—and to my masterpiece from Dahomey. Apollo has a broken nose and cost half a crown, but I think I have not yet come to the last chapter of his story.

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COMMUNICATIONS

SUBSTANCE AND ACCIDENTS

Hillyard, Wash.

TO the Editor:—I am inclosing a few pages in answer to the communication, Substance and Accidents, published in The Commonweal of September 17.

The philosophy professors here were much amused at the manner in which Neo-Scholasticus misinterpreted and distorted Scholastic doctrine. Since substance and accidents are part of the matter I teach, I have endeavored to untangle a few of the confused notions Neo-Scholasticus has expressed on the subject.

I had hoped at first to condense the answer into the number of lines you usually permit in a communication, but I found the erroneous statements of Neo-Scholasticus so numerous and so radical that, though I selected only a few of them for criticism, they could not be answered clearly in less space than is given below:

Scholastic doctrine, as explained by Neo-Scholasticus, becomes quite unrecognizable. The following are a few of his misrepresentations. "All Aristotelians and Scholastics, generally," he says "teach that substance and accidents . . . are not determined in any species . . . they simply do not exist in the concrete," but yet they "coalesce to cause something to exist"; "substance is a substratum which, like the soul in man, is whole in every part of the object"; "substance is purely immaterial." These statements, as they stand, would be denied by any Scholastic philosopher. Under the delusion, however, that they represent Scholastic doctrine, Neo-Scholasticus concludes that according to Scholastic principles "substance and accidents are mere *entia rationis,* figments of the mind without even a *fundamentus in re,*" and that "material objects are really and substantially spiritual."

The cause of much of his misinterpretation seems to be a failure to grasp the fundamental Scholastic doctrine on general concepts. When Scholastics claim objectivity for any general concept, be it substance or body or mineral or plant, they mean that all that is represented in the concept can be found in the individuals existing in the actual world of reality outside the mind; they do not affirm, but emphatically deny, that it exists outside the mind abstracted from individuation and specific differentiation, as it was represented in the mind. Thus if any Scholastics say that substance is not determined in any species, they mean that the concept of substance, abstracted as it is in the mind from all specific determination, is not determined in any species; they do not mean that outside the mind any substance can exist abstracted from specific determination. Scholastics are realists but not ultra-realists.

Misinterpreting this doctrine, Neo-Scholasticus attributes to Scholastics the statement that substance simply does not exist in the concrete. The genuine Scholastic doctrine is that substance as such, or substance taken as something abstracted from all specific determination, exists only in the mind, but that outside the mind exist concrete, individuated substances in which is found all that is represented in the abstract concept of substance. Every existing mineral or plant or animal is a substance.

What is here said of the objectivity of the concept of substance, must be said also of all general concepts. The concept of tree or of horse or of stone likewise abstracts from much that the individual trees or horses or stones possess as they exist outside the mind. Do Scholastics therefore hold that trees and horses and stones "simply do not exist in the concrete"? What they do hold is that in the concrete world of actual reality there exists no abstract tree which is neither a pine nor an oak nor any other kind of tree, but merely a tree as such. Similarly, outside the mind there exists no abstract horse or stone or substance or accident; but concrete, individuated horses and stones and substances and accidents do exist.

Since Neo-Scholasticus erroneously thinks that, according to the Scholastics, substance and accidents "simply do not exist in the concrete," he concludes: "Substance and accidents are mere *entia rationis,* figments of the mind without even a *fundamentum in re.*" He should carry this statement to its logical conclusion and declare that nothing whatever exists, neither God nor man, neither this world nor the next, neither mind nor matter. For whatever exists must exist either in itself or not in itself but in another being. If it exists in itself, it is what the Scholastics call a substance; if it exists not in itself but in another being, it is what the Scholastics call an accident. Hence if neither substance nor accidents exist, there cannot even exist a mind in which they might be a figment; for a mind must exist either in itself or not in itself, and hence must be either a substance or an accident.

Neo-Scholasticus further states that, according to the Scholastics, substance "is a substratum which, like the soul in man, is whole in every part of the object." The truth is that Scholastics distinctly deny that any material substance is whole in every part of the object. Moreover they hold that substance need not be a substratum at all. The divine Substance is not a substratum; it supports no accidents. Whenever Scholastic writers define substance as "that which supports the accidents," they point out that this is only a nominal definition indicating the etymology of the word, and an imperfect definition which is applicable only to created substances and fails to bring out the genuine notion of substance. They then give the real definition of substance: "that which exists in itself and not in another being as in a subject of inhesion."

Neo-Scholasticus also says that according to the Scholastics "substance is purely immaterial. It is not matter in any sense, not even by figure of speech. It is naked, nude immateriality." And again, "Substance is confessedly immaterial, according to Aristotelians. Now, between matter and spirit there is no mean, no *tertium quid,* if we, as we must, exclude the composite, man." He should not have excluded man, for a *tertium quid* between matter and spirit must be neither the one nor the other; man, however, is composed of a material part and a spiritual part, which, though substantially united, are really distinct. The truth is that among beings existing outside the mind there can be absolutely no *tertium quid* between matter and spirit, that is, absolutely no being can exist that would be neither material nor immaterial, for these two are contradictorily opposed and accordingly completely exhaust all reality between them. Scholastics have never taught that all substances are immaterial. They have always held that outside the mind there are two kinds of substances, the material and the immaterial, and that the substance of every body is material.

Neo-Scholasticus seems to have been led into his misinterpretation also of this point by confusing the abstract notion of substance as it is represented in the mind with concrete substances as they exist outside the mind, and by misunderstanding the whole process of abstraction. On considering the concrete material and immaterial substances existing outside the mind, we can focus our attention on that which both have in common, namely substance, and abstract or omit from our representation both the differentiations, materiality and immateriality. The resulting abstract concept of substance is not a concept of immaterial substance, for it has abstracted from immateriality no less than from materiality. Accordingly when we call a horse a substance we do not call it an immaterial thing; we neither affirm nor deny its materiality; we merely assert that it is a being that exists in itself and not in another being as in a subject of inhesion.

Neo-Scholasticus, however, seems to think that since the abstract concept of substance does not include materiality, it therefore includes immateriality. The truth is that it abstracts from both. Failing to grasp this point, he concludes that, according to the Scholastic doctrine of substance, "material objects are really and substantially spiritual." With that kind of logic he might just as well have concluded that all men are irrational. The argument would run like this: All men are animals. Now, since the concept of animal does not include rationality, it therefore includes irrationality. Therefore all men are irrational.

Neo-Scholasticus obviously is not a Neo-Scholastic, for Neo-Scholasticism is not by any means Anti-Scholasticism. He gives no evidence of having understood the barest fundamentals of Scholastic philosophy.

REV. WILLIAM E. DONNELLY, S.J.

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THIRTY YEARS AN ANGLO-CATHOLIC

Woodstock, Md.

TO the Editor—The splendid extract from Dr. Selden P. Delany's forthcoming apologia, which appears in your issue of September 24, is so frankly Catholic in general attitude as to suggest to the average reader (especially in view of subsequent events) that it proceeded from one who had already become the Church's member and her pupil in the doctrine of Christ. This, however, would not be true of the opening chapters of his book; and if I am not misinformed, their author, in concluding that part of his work, has taken the precaution to note that the opinions there recorded belong to a period prior to his actual profession of faith.

Although The Commonweal has in no way insinuated the contrary, I respectfully offer this observation merely in order to avert from Dr. Delany's unimpeachable loyalty a suspicion which might easily occur to readers (for instance) of the following sentence: "In answer to this plausible presentation of the Anglican position, I should say that it is quite possible that Anglicans have valid orders and that their sacraments are real."

Now, Catholics are well aware that Leo XIII issued no mere disciplinary measure when in 1896 he publicly uttered the sentence: "We pronounce and declare with assured knowledge that ordinations performed by the Anglican rite have been and are invalid and completely null." He stated a dogmatic fact, namely, that a certain rite of ordination submitted by its users to his examination was incapable of conferring Christian priesthood. That such is the character of the decision its author himself has attested with equal publicity and clearness. In his letter of the following year to the Archbishop of Paris, the Pontiff, after remarking that his decision had not been received with due respect in certain quarters, observed: "No one who was prudent and right-minded could represent our verdict as open to dispute, and all Catholics were bound to embrace it with unqualified submission, as being for all time fixed, confirmed, irrevocable."

Dr. Delany's own unqualified submission to every public and formal decision of the Holy See stands fully attested by his conduct. With such an attitude, however, the sentence above cited would be incompatible, and its publication by a member of the Catholic Church would be matter of the gravest scandal. It therefore seems to me due to Dr. Delany that your readers—who have not yet seen that sentence in its clearly specified setting—should be expressly aware that its writer was not yet wholly a disciple of "the teacher sent from God" at the time when he expressed the opinion in question.

REV. WILLIAM H. MCCLELLAN, S.J.

THE COMING ELECTIONS

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor:—With the approach of the fall elections the antics of the congressional candidates are most interesting to watch. What is most amazing is the sudden and complete change of attitude regarding prohibition. Only a short time ago the very suggestion of any amendment to the inviolable Eighteenth would produce horrified cries of "Nullification!" It strikes me:

> When public sentiment seemed dry
> "Enforcement" was the candidate's cry.
> Now, as more votes they strive to get,
> "Repeal" is their promise to the wet.

As for the gentleman from Ohio who would run on a "flat-earth" platform, that is no more irrelevant to politics than is Mr. Heflin's outburst on the Vatican in the midst of a tariff debate. At any rate, this fantastic idea would provide a new controversial topic for our Senate and readers of the Congressional Record will agree that one is sorely needed.

ELSIE A. GALIK.

FOR PATIENTS OF MODERATE MEANS

New Orleans, La.

TO the Editor:—A very unfortunate hospital situation confronts our people today in the lack of proper facilities for patients of moderate means. We have ample accommodations for charity and wealthy patients but none for the patient of modest finances. This patient must confess his impecuniosity and avail himself of charity treatment, or be forced into ruinous expense, resulting in many instances in the mortgage and ultimate loss of his hard-earned home. This is clearly an unjust and a thoughtless discrimination against a most worthy group of our people. And yet it is from this group that most of our hospital patients are derived; this group bears, and always has borne, too large a share of the public burdens.

Today the sick, the middle class included, are compelled to pay the price charged by fashionable hotels, receiving only very mediocre cuisine, and, besides, have to pay extra for all other needs and furnishings, including operating room and anaesthesia. Hospital charges, of course, do not include the physician's or surgeon's fees. This hospital expense often runs as high as $25.00 per day. Something should be done to give patients of modest means the benefit of hospital treatment at moderate and safe cost. They have a right to this consideration.

If the newspapers of the country would call the attention of the public to this unfortunate situation, and continue to point out its injustice, there can be no doubt that in the near future adequate and comfortable accommodations would be provided for this neglected group of our sick. If private enterprise refuses to afford the needed relief, the state could build the institution and fix a moderate charge for service, and thus save this meritorious group from the imposition of the ruinous charges assessed today in profit-yielding institutions.

Such state institutions, under the continuous supervision of the state, and the auspices of the National Institute of Health at Washington, would also be able to develop more modernly the science of hospital sanitation, now wofully neglected.

Please give these matters your consideration, and confer a merited benefit upon a neglected class.

E. P. LOWE.

THIS BROTHER'S KEEPER

Indianapolis, Ind.

TO the Editor:—I want to tell you of my high appreciation of the true charity of your editorial. You have sharp vision. Many of these could be saved, in spite of their perversities, by gentle understanding and pursuing patience. But even our priests, good, zealous and self-sacrificing as they are, are not gifted alike in violent charity. Bishop Chartrand is thus endowed. I know a little Franciscan who has the gift extraordinary and I have known some others.

But the point is that while one does not hold with Freud nor with the many false psychiatrists who discredit the science, many of these wayward souls have quirks in their brains that the sympathetic pressure of charity could iron out. I hope your article may widely sow the seed of vehement charity.

MARGARET MCINTYRE.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

One, Two, Three!

THE always competent, sometimes amusing and occasionally penetrating Ferenc Molnar is with us again on Broadway, this time with a double bill, consisting of one short and one long one-act play. The first of these is described below. The second, and more important, is called One, Two, Three!

A rough and ready taxi driver—so it seems—can be turned into an accomplished gentleman in about one hour, or "like one, two, three!" What Molnar has really done, of course, is to shoot a quiver full of satirical darts at the Americanized business magnate of central Europe—at the man who surrounds himself with four or five stenographers, an amazing secretary, an emergency legal department, a ready-to-hand executive committee and a large corps of obedient dependents, and with this nucleus imagines himself a Napoleon of business. The particular business man of the play, Nordson, is a motor-car manufacturer with banking interests on the side. He is about to start on his vacation when he discovers that the daughter of a similar American magnate, who has been visiting the Nordsons to acquire culture, has upset several apple carts by secretly marrying a local taxi driver. As Nordson is looking to this girl's father for large-scale financial assistance, and as the said father is due to arrive on the scene within an hour, there is nothing for Nordson to do but convert the taxi driver into a titled gentleman within that space of time.

With Napoleonic method he marshals his forces, gets the tailor to furnish new clothes and the diplomatic office to give the taxi man a consular post, persuades an impoverished nobleman to adopt the same Anton Schuh as his son, dragoons the executive committee into electing Anton president of the motor works and finally gives Anton the benefit of three minutes of personal coaching in how to appear and act and talk as a man of the world. This herculean task being fully accomplished within the stated hour, Nordson goes off on his vacation, as planned, happy in his powers of achievement!

It is all exactly as absurd as it sounds, but by no means as funny as it might be. Arthur Byron, one of the most accomplished actors on our stage, does everything humanly possible to maintain the lively and farcical tempo of the whole affair, but the story pursues its obvious way with constantly slackening interest. This is the kind of tale that can only be saved by an unexpected twist. But everything happens exactly as Nordson plans, allowing us to know the ending at least forty minutes in advance, and placing the whole burden of entertainment on the wit and brilliance of the lines themselves and on the actors. Molnar occasionally tries to save the day for himself by creating rather broad "sophisticated" situations and lines but, as they are purely gratuitous, they do anything but improve the atmosphere. Molnar is never actually dull, but is often disappointingly mediocre. One, Two, Three! is by no means a sample of his best work. (At Henry Miller's Theatre.)

The Violet

THE second part of the Molnar double bill is also in the satirical vein, this time with theatrical managers as the target. It gives a brief scene in the office of a producing manager engaged in the job of selecting a few extra chorus girls. The girls find him surprisingly unresponsive to their charms. The composer of the current piece is also surprised. He offers to take the manager's place as interviewer, and in so doing encounters a curious little violet from the provinces. When the composer is called away for a few minutes, the manager has a chance to talk with her without the usual barrier of office. The way in which the blushing violet wheedles her way into his sympathy furnishes the ironic touch.

The playlet suffers from the usual artificiality and sophistication into which Molnar falls on the least excuse, but is vastly enlivened by the superlatively competent performance of Ruth Gordon as the violet. Miss Gordon can turn apparent awkwardness into grace with more dexterity than any actress on the stage today. Her range is very limited, but within that range she has achieved a perfection very much her own. (At Henry Miller's Theatre.)

Mr. Gilhooley

ARTHUR SINCLAIR, who has so often distinguished himself in imported Irish plays, and Helen Hayes are the costars in Jed Harris's production of this dramatization of Liam O'Flaherty's novel of the same name. Frank B. Elser is the adapter, and the intensely realistic settings are by Jo Mielziner. If acting, directing and production details could make a good play of O'Flaherty's book, all the materials are at hand. But, quite aside from all the bawdy details and the frequent stinging blasphemies and the generally sordid atmosphere derived from the book itself, the play never quite approaches the tragic depths intended. Real tragedy must have a lyric and singing quality, something which flows from thoughts or persons above the average in range of feeling. Pathos, sorrow and defeat alone do not give this quality. It is the length of the feeling scale which gives tragedy its integrated power and authentic mood, the extent to which ideals fall short of achievement, the depth to which evil can descend in trying to accomplish its end, the degree to which nobility of purpose can be frustrated, the force with which death can, like a crucifixion, come as a symbol of rebirth. These are a few of the elements of real tragedy. But only a faint echo of any one of them is to be found in the loveless union of Mr. Gilhooley and the starving girl he picks up on the street. Gilhooley's kindness is that inspired by softness rather than nobility. His love is selfish, even though pathetic with the consciousness of lost youth. The play contains neither a great love nor a great fidelity.

Such quality as one can extract from it comes chiefly from the excellent performance of a carefully chosen cast under Mr. Harris's skilled supervision, and conspicuously from the work of Arthur Sinclair and Helen Hayes. Mr. Sinclair gives to the character of Gilhooley what faint qualities of honest though stupid manhood it possesses.

Of the broadened and deepened quality of Miss Hayes's acting, one might write at great length. She has always had charm and subtlety and increasing technical skill. She has lacked, until now, only that driving inner strength which carries an actress to greatness. But in this play, there are moments of impassioned outburst when one feels womanhood superseding girlishness and the strengthened impulses of maturity giving added height and depth to her range. One feels now that there is no part too large for her, and that she may soon hold securely the place of our best actress as well as one of our truest artists. (At the Broadhurst Theatre.)

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AMONG THE FALL BOOKS

Papal Infallibility

The Vatican Council: The Story Told from Inside in Bishop Ullathorne's Letters, by Dom Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $10.50.

THIS work must prove absorbing to those within and those without the household of the Faith—for the human interest it stirs up, for the high scholarship it evinces and for the deep questions it reviews. It will stand long after this day of revelations and intimate pictures as an authentic, dignified and heartening record of the twentieth oecumenical council (1869-1870), which promulgated the doctrine of papal infallibility. The volumes offer a palpitating cross-section of a momentous period in the life of the Church of God. Hitherto most English-speaking persons have been content perforce with such *obiter dicta* of the council as they could glean from English biographies and Latin footnotes. But this "first substantive history in English not by the hand of an enemy" clothes with living flesh, the dry bones of the *si quis dixerits* . . . of the textbooks.

Much modern history of Church and state fall within the scope of this work. In it the reader meets practically every name of nineteenth-century importance. The volumes are based on the official documents and the immense literature of the council. Their zest comes from Bishop Ullathorne's letters sent direct from the council. These give ready entrance to that august assembly.

Dom Butler, whose narrative and comments are of a piece with the Bishop's, tells us that the value of the letters lies in the fact that Ullathorne's position was middle; he refused to act with any party and kept himself austerely aloof from all agitations and movements both within and without the council. "Probably a witness as well-informed and independent, as impartial and objective, as could well be found," likewise he was a shrewd observer, of sound practical judgment, and he cut no mean figure at the council. His interpretation of its decrees is "substantially correct and the one accepted at Rome." He was responsible for the order of the first words of the decrees (which represents also the mind of the American and English hierarchy): Sancta Catholica Apostolica Romana Ecclesia in place of Sancta Romana Catholica Ecclesia—a question recently agitated in the columns of this journal.

Happily, lest the general reader think that the theory defined at the council is wholly devoid of justification in history or theology, the author cites "certain words of highly credited historians of recent times, English and foreign, not of the Roman communion, who are recognized on all hands as among the foremost crtitical scholars of our days," and he brings out the fact that "some cases may be made out, from history by witnesses with no theological axes to grind, in favor of the theory of the primacy, and even the infallibility defined by the council."

The council met to consider the good of the Church and of human society; it was called to deal with the errors and evils of the times—"a magnificent but too vast a program." It dealt principally only with the position and authority of the Pope in the Church. Six years were spent in preparation and five committees prepared matter for discussion on faith and dogma, discipline and canon law, religious orders and regulars, oriental Churches and foreign missions, and relations of Church and state. It was well, humanly speaking, Butler says, that the last question was not touched. The minds of men were not as broad then as they were two generations later at the signing of the Lateran Treaty. The council opened in an atmosphere of controversy. Its dramatic moment, the formal voting and declaration of papal infallibility, was accompanied by a severe electrical storm, as its critics remember; it was prorogued *sine die* after the loss of the temporal power.

As the council proceeds Ullathorne writes some reassuring characterizations: "In spite of the attempts of the extremists on either side, preëminently the journalists, to vilify their leading opponents, it may with truth be affirmed of these men that they were one and all true bishops, worthy pastors, devoted sons of the Church, loyal to the Holy See and the Holy Father." Again, "all [are] in earnest, all feeling a deep sense of responsibility but some, one thinks, trying to manage their neighbors perhaps a little too much. Still the general character of the episcopate is high-mindedness, straightforwardness and deep conscientiousness." "As to the agitation respecting the council which moves the outer world," he writes, "we only mark in it, how much the solemn assembly of God's Church weighs on the minds of men; how it stirs them with hopes and with fears; and how portentous to the heart of man is the power of the Church."

Of the debates he writes to Newman: "It is not the first time I have seen the work of the ablest theologians, when the episcopacy bring their deeper instinct [their episcopal charisma] and keener experience upon it, go to pieces like chaff and consigned to reconstruction." He recurs to this thought again and again. He writes also: "The work [of revising the schema] has shown how much philosophical and theological learning the Church possesses in the episcopate, and I doubt if any previous council has exhibited as much." Of the freedom of discussion he writes: "Never perhaps did a question [papal infallibility] get such a sifting on all sides of it and through all the pores of it, as this will have before it is done with."

Among the Bishop's letters there are many human touches and intimate sketches of some of the 800 successors of the apostles. There is Dupanloup who made the council possible by his political influence, and though a strong champion of the Papacy, numbered among the *non placets*. Yet there is Darboy, another opponent, who a year later refuses to flee from the Paris Commune for the sake of his priests, and is shot in cold blood. We meet Hefele the historian who constructed the machinery of the council and is against its definition. And Newman in his quiet study, his heart filled with misgivings. And Manning who kept the minority off the deputation *de Fide,* the most important committee, turning them into an opposition. This disturbed the Pope and as Butler says: "It [is] regrettable that Manning's Ultramontane principle 'sentire cum papa' did not on this occasion make him bow to the Pope's wish." His great achievement was to avert the most serious crisis, a threatened diplomatic move of the English government, to bring about a general interference of the governments in the liberty of the council. There is Ullathorne himself, a moderate Ultramontane of the old Bellarmine school.

There are georgeously rich passages descriptive of the many ceremonial spectacles. The council itself is "one mass of many-colored mantellettas and episcopal faces, and a very lively scene, ever in gentle waving motion, unless when some able speaker rivets attention." "Many poor Spanish and Italian bishops walk even through heavy rain" and "sit long hours in damp things." He is stunned by an "hour's roar"

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from a Swiss bishop who talks "as though from one mountain to another, against wind and thunder." There is an Armenian archbishop who reminds Ullathorne of the picture of Our Lord at Oscott. The pathetic figure of Döllinger and the lay popes trouble the pages. There are the Orientals who "smoke their pipes" and hold their tongues. There is our own irrepressible Bishop Vérot, the splendid Austrian and German bishops and a host of others.

With the outcome of the council all are familiar. There was not an apostasy from the Faith among its bishops and theologians. And the triumph of faith is greater in that among the eighty-eight who voted "non placet" in the trial ballot there were, apart from those who believed the definition inopportune, a few who could not believe in infallibility. Kenrick was such a one, and years afterward Pope Leo XIII defended him warmly as "a noble man and a true Christian bishop."

The council safeguarded the basic principles of Catholic Christianity and vindicated the Papacy. It ended controversies and rallied all parties to the Pope as never before. Dom Butler judges that the definition has been no bar to the reunion of the Churches or the conversion of individuals. He cites authority to show that there are in all history but twelve certainly infallible *ex cathedra papal* (as distinguished from conciliar) utterances. He draws from the gestation and procedure of the council some very practical suggestions for future councils. And he concludes that "the Vatican Council takes its stand alongside of Trent as a great landmark in the life of the Church." This book, a worthy account of that gathering, should help dissipate the bogys current even today among some otherwise well-informed minds.

JOHN K. SHARP.

Medical Heroes

Riders of the Plagues: The Story of the Conquest of Disease, by James A. Tobey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

DR. TOBEY has compressed the story of sanitation and disease prevention down the ages into a very interesting and significant book. Science has made marvelous achievements. Most of the epidemic diseases, above all the worst of them, are now under control. The great epidemics that used to carry off so many, are a thing of the past. The average length of life has been increased from under forty to nearly sixty years of age. Recent progress in nutrition makes for intensity in individual life, while mental hygiene renders life saner and more complete. There is ample reason to rejoice over the advance achieved and above all the prospect for still further improvement.

There are discouraging factors in the conspectus, however, that Dr. Tobey omits. We have reduced the death rate from contagious disease but so far from reducing the suffering of humanity, it has increased. People are kept alive longer to die from lingering diseases of heart, kidney and arteries. We have cut the death rate from tuberculosis in two, but cancer has come to take its place in the mortality rate as a much more serious scourge. That most serious of contagious diseases, influenza, carried off, according to Dr. Tobey, 20,000,000 in the epidemic just after the great war, and we have no hint of any possible mode of lessening its mortality, though it has made its appearance regularly about once every forty years in history.

Fortunately the attitude of mind of the great majority of people toward disease prevention has changed much for the better during the twentieth century. At the end of the nineteenth century it was difficult to get most people to think that disease could be prevented. Now they are willing to recognize that community health is a purchasable commodity. Expert sanitarians can lower the death rate and prolong average life if but given the chance. How different that state of mind from that which prevailed twenty-five years ago when the Panama Canal project was taken up! Shonts, in control at Panama, wanted to get rid of Dr. Gorgas who showed how that scourge, yellow fever, could be conquered, and replace him by an osteopath who thought Pasteur a fool, Lister a charlatan and attributed all diseases, including yellow fever and malaria, to subluxations of the vertebrae.

It is rather surprising to have Dr. Tobey repeat the old fable as to the bringing back of syphilis from America by the sailors of Columbus's expedition. Professor Sudhoff, whom the author hails as an eminent medical historian, laid that ghost effectively some years ago by showing that syphilis was in existence in Europe long before Columbus's time. Wandering armies led to serious outbreaks of the disease in various parts of Europe about that time, but America is blameless as the source of it. I believe that so far no pre-Columbian traces of syphilis have been found on the American continent.

It is gratifying to find that Dr. Tobey does not hesitate to tell us: "Bad as had been the middle ages in the treatment of the insane, the hundred years after 1750 were if anything worse. The century was a period of brutal oppression, general ill treatment and extreme cruelty for those who got into the clutches of the keepers of persons considered to be lunatics." Other institutions were just as bad. Orphan asylums were a tragic farce; foundling asylums "angel factories"; poor houses a disgrace to humanity; hospitals a shambles, with 50 percent mortality in surgical cases. It is out of that slough of despond that we have lifted ourselves during the past generation. The more we know about the middle ages, the more we realize that according to their lights—and there was much more illumination than we have been inclined to think—they took marvelous good care of the patients in hospitals and the inmates of institutions. It is modern centuries—the seventeenth, eighteenth and early nineeenth—that were supremely blameworthy in their almost incredible neglect of humanity.

Dr. Tobey has given the names and deeds of most of the men who have done distinguished work in preventive medicine. We miss the name of Dr. Lawrence Flick of Philadelphia, pioneer in calling attention to the fact that tuberculosis as a house disease caused deaths in successive families who moved into quarters where tuberculous patients had lived. That aroused public attention more effectively to the danger of tuberculosis than anything up to that time. Dr. Flick's work has been so thoroughly recognized by all authorities on the subject that it should find a place in any Story of the Conquest of Diseases.

JAMES J. WALSH.

A King's Tragedy

Francis Joseph I: The Downfall of an Empire, by Karl Tschuppik; translated by C. J. S. Sprigge. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

THE cataclysm which swept away the old empire of Austria-Hungary is intimately linked up with the person of Francis Joseph, even though he did not actually witness the downfall of his house. Popular imagination has at all times been haunted by visions of a resplendent court, the frozen

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ceremonial of Spanish etiquette, and the lavender-fragrance of Biedermeyer Vienna behind which there lurked shadows of cruel and fateful tragedies. The life of Francis Joseph was not a tragedy in the Aristotelian sense but a grand spectacle loaded with melodramatic effects. The protagonist was a character with solid burgher virtues, a correct bureaucrat whose matrimonial life was wrecked by his very virtues; a monarch who was forced by a chain of events to lose his preconceived faith in his own infallibility; the heir to an old and proud dynasty who was conscious of his heritage being doomed.

This is his third biography published in English in the course of three years. Herr Tschuppik gives a vivid portrait of the emperor but does not dwell long on a psychological analysis. His work might have been called more appropriately A Political History of Austria under Francis Joseph I. It is doubtful if the author could have written 500 pages about the man alone. Francis Joseph was simple in habits of mind and body alike, though dynastic pride caused him to array himself in public with all the Byzantine pageantry of the empire. He believed in duties as well as in rights, and the same man who rose each morning at four o'clock in order to spend ten to twelve hours at his desk, lived in two rooms, slept on a soldier's couch and had three simple meals a day, had a paramount conception of his authority. Family traditions and his early training predestined him to be an autocrat.

At the age of eighteen, in the spring of 1848, he was placed on the throne by a stroke of a powerful cabal, at a time when the French Revolution still kept vibrating the nerves of Europe. Still, he grew to be no despot; indeed, compared to certain contemporary democratic dictators, he was humane and considerate. In the first two decades of his rule he attempted to revive the days of the eighteenth century without the Encyclopédie. His great misfortune was his premature accession to the throne: he was incapable of spontaneous growth after having attained the highest position that could fall to his lot. He never got rid of the Hapsburg idea that nations could be bargained like second-hand clothes. His American biographer, Bagger, accused him of narrowness; Tschuppik shows that his fundamental quality was caution based on experience; his conservatism was a result of his being conscious of the infirmity of the structure built up by his ancestors.

Tschuppik's work, being intended for German and Austrian readers, lacks the clarity and precision of Redlich's classic biography. Still, the portrait he gives is sympathetic enough to the hero. It is evident from his version, too, that Francis Joseph, matured by age and experience, was not the reactionary he was considered by his adversaries. Sins of his youth were heavily visited on him though, reasonably, he could not be held responsible for them. It is unfair to judge him by the measure of the ordinary citizen: he had to cope with difficulties which might have proved too hard for the genius of a Bismarck. His chief goal was to keep the balance in the midst of the crumbling foundations of his slowly disintegrating empire. His failure was due not only to his lack of vision but also to the fact that Austria had survived herself. Social and economic factors have been of prime importance since the advent of industrialism, but nationalism has grown to be at least as significant an issue in the turmoil of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Whether the ancient empire could have possibly been molded into a Switzerland on a large scale is a question that has but an academic value today. It cannot be doubted that the experiment would have stirred up a commotion comparable to the world war; the emperor's struggles with the German Liberals in behalf of a partial recognition of Czech rights were a tempest in a teapot compared to what he might have had to contend with in Hungary in case of a serious attempt to federalize the monarchy.

Whereas Tschuppik is very moderate in his judgments and tries to do justice to all characters in the great drama, he does not hide his liberal tendencies. Out of his dispassionate tone only at times sounds a note of elegiac regret: *Si jeunesse savait. . . .* His work abounds in facts, political and social alike. The wealth of names and details may prove somewhat confusing to the American reader, the more so as the author seldom stops in the stream of narrative to draw clear-cut portraits of the dramatis personae. On the whole, he is a reliable historian of Austria during Francis Joseph's reign, though he barely touches upon the Hungarian side of the numerous problems involved.

The English edition of the work was probably intended to be a memorial to the one hundredth anniversary of Francis Joseph's birth; it would be a worthier memento if it had fared better at the hands of the translator, whose work is not altogether free from scarcely justifiable blunders.

ARPAD STEINER.

Explorations in Hebrew History

Hebrewisms of West Africa, by Joseph J. Williams, S.J. New York: The Dial Press. $7.50.

The Lost Tribes A Myth, by Allen H. Godbey. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press. $7.50.

DR. WILLIAMS lived five years in Jamaica, much of the time in the bush, among the simple children of the soil. He found among them various customs and superstitions that seemed to him to be of Hebrew derivation. Other students of the Negro population in Haiti, San Domingo and the Virgin Islands, have also reported among them various cultural survivals that are seemingly of Hebrew origin. On investigation Dr. Williams found that a considerable number of the Jamaica Negroes were originally brought from the Gold Coast, the land of the Ashantis. But among the latter, too, travelers have reported the existence of certain cultural elements that may be ascribed to Hebrew influence. The problem that Dr. Williams set himself to solve was, therefore, this: By what means and by what routes could Hebrew influence have reached from ancient Palestine to the west coast of Africa?

Now, the question whether certain practices and beliefs of these Negroes, in Jamaica or in their original African home, are traceable to Hebrew influence, is rather debatable. Some of them, like patriarchalism, or dancing as a part of the religious ceremonial, are so widely prevalent, that it is impossible to assign them to any particular source. Indeed, Dr. Williams himself is by no means sure that they are, every one of them, of indubitable Hebrew origin, but he thinks that cumulatively they furnish good ground for the assumption. Moreover, the question of how these people came by their superstitions may seem to be of very restricted interest. But in attempting to answer this question upon the basis of his hypothesis, Dr. Williams unrolls before us a panorama of the vast activity and influence of the Hebrews, as merchants, soldiers and proselytizers, in northern Africa, in the Sahara, in the valley of the Nile, in Abyssinia and along the ancient route of trade and migration from the Nile to the Niger, that is of absorbing interest to every student of the history of the Jewish people.

The sub-title of Professor Godbey's book, Suggestions toward Rewriting Hebrew History, gives a much better idea of the aim and scope of this truly monumental work than the

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title itself. Starting out to prove what is almost a self-evident proposition, namely, that the deported ten tribes (or rather, their patrician clans) of the northern kingdom of Israel were no more "lost" than their brothers of the southern kingdom of Judah, who were deported to Babylon a century later, Dr. Godbey proceeds to revolutionize most of the accepted ideas concerning the Jews and their history. To achieve this end, he brings to bear a truly astounding erudition in all the branches of Semitic scholarship: biblical criticism, Assyriology, Egyptology, the study of Arabian, Phoenician and Hittite inscriptions and much besides.

The author proves the vast extent of Jewish activity throughout Asia, Europe and Africa, as settlers, traders, soldiers and proselytizers, from time immemorial. He also proves the incessant commingling of the Jews with other peoples, through intermarriage and, even more, through proselytizing, both in Palestine and in other countries, the endless action and reaction between them and all the peoples—white, yellow and black—among whom they have dwelt. The fiction of a pure Jewish race of Semitic origin, which the anthropologists have undermined, he demolishes completely by means of archaeological and historical evidence. He adduces cogent reasons for believing (though he would be the last to claim that he has furnished irrefutable proof for this belief) that the worship of Yahwe originated in Lower Mesopotamia, and not in the Arabian desert, as has hitherto been generally assumed. He sheds new light on various Jewish sects, like the Samaritans, Sadducees and Karaites, as well as on Jewish fragments that have long been lost to view in China, India, central Asia, the Caucasus, etc.

All in all, The Lost Tribes A Myth is a most unusual work, the work of a great scholar imbued with the scientific spirit and content to write for those, specialists as well as laymen, who are grateful for any new light offered them on old and difficult problems.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

Catholic Sociology

Man and Society, by Francis J. Haas. New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

WHILE intended as a college text, this volume presents a consideration of many perplexing questions of modern social life which should make an appeal to those who seek an understanding of these problems. Sociology—and this text is intended as an introduction to that subject—is not a godless science although it has been fashionable in certain quarters so to consider it. The editor of the Century Catholic College Texts, Dr. John A. Lapp, well states in his introduction: "Mankind is not here treated objectively, as in a laboratory, merely to see the cruel facts; the facts are seen, to be sure, but man as a divine creature with a glorious destiny, and as a being worthy of all that can be done for his safeguarding and upbuilding, is never lost from the sight of the author." The text presents a well-organized set of subjects considered under six main divisions dealing with the individual, social virtues, family, state, property, and production and human welfare. These are the best-organized considerations yet brought to the writer's attention.

Under the heading, Industrialism and the Home, considering particularly changes in home life, Dr. Haas points out that where the wife or mother is employed outside of the home, the most serious of the changes is that the rapidly increasing divorce rate has run parallel with the increase in the number of women so employed. He points out further that, while gainful employment does not necessarily cause or occasion divorce, it is true, nevertheless, that "the environment of industry and commerce provides an atmosphere favorable to its propagation."

A fair consideration of the wages now received by unmarried women workers, and of the wages they should receive—"the amount required to secure to her the necessaries and decencies of life"—is also presented. Organization and legislation are suggested as the two means of securing fair wages. Dr. Haas believes that married women should be excluded from factory work and gainful trades, provided that the husband or father be paid a wage sufficient to maintain the members of the family in health and decency. He affirms that living wages for all male workers will be more easily established, following this exclusion. The "family wage" seems to have replaced the "living wage" which the male worker formerly was presumed to earn, and sometimes receive.

Concerning unemployment Dr. Haas comes to two conclusions: "(1) The evil of unemployment is so widespread, and has been met so inadequately by private initiative, that governmental intervention through some form of compulsory unemployment insurance is imperative. (2) The entire financial burden, both of preventing unemployment and of supporting able-bodied and industrious workers who cannot be employed uninterruptedly, should be borne by industry." The first conclusion he supports on the ground that it is a legitimate exercise of a state power, promoting public welfare; and he considers insurance a practical remedy for many industrial evils but states that it cannot be used indiscriminately, its application to this particular problem being peculiarly difficult. The second conclusion is an elementary dictate of justice and humanity, Dr. Haas asserts. Though risk-taking is well compensated, yet industry makes no payment to the low-wage classes for the risk which they assume of being without wages for a considerable period of the year. In many industries, operations run through several months and are discontinued for the rest of the twelve. Low-wage classes pay their way while they work but have nothing "to tide them over" the period during which they remain idle. Yet, during both periods, returns come to industries from the work done in the busy period, though the workers do not profit by this.

Dr. Haas is to be commended for his diligence and scientific altertness. Man and Society is a balanced, sane consideration of problems in modern social life.

FRANCIS P. KILCOYNE.

An Expert on Crime

The Criminal, by Henry A. Geisert. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $3.00.

AT PRESENT when so much is talked and written about prisoners, their housing, care, treatment and reform, a book like the one under review bearing the imprimatur of Archbishop Glennon, is not without interest to many. It assumes even greater importance from the fact that the author is a prison chaplain who combines knowledge with an excellent opportunity to confirm his conclusions by practical case work.

Father Geisert divides his treatise into three parts: Etiology of Crime, Therapeutics, and Prophylaxis. After an introduction, a brief survey of the physiological psychology of man, he outlines the causes that most frequently contribute to the making of criminals. Since these causes are many and varied, the author suggests in the second part several means which he

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thinks will be successful with convicts who still have character. Those of no character he considers hopeless cases. The third part suggests means to prevent crime by taking good care of the young. Education and religion are his choice. He touches upon the home, school and church but does not include as character-training agencies organized recreation for leisure time, although he mentions drill, games and athletics as helpful preventives.

Everything is well explained and well documented by interesting cases. The author knows what he wants and states it clearly. He leaves no one in the dark and is convinced that his principles are correct. What makes the book eminently practical is the fact that, after showing the defects, it offers constructive programs that are possible of execution.

In things still very much disputed among criminologists, like capital and corporal punishment, individual confinement, etc., the author's reasoning makes the reader inclined to agree with him. He does not believe that all criminals are insane nor that crime is a disease. Not minimizing the physical part of man, he also recognizes the soul and upholds the perfect freedom of the will. He also indicates that certain laws and their administrators are equally in need of reform. To environment he does not attribute so much importance as many ultramodern writers do. He deserves credit for that.

Notwithstanding the fact that reform is possible with many convicts, the author places his greatest hope for bettering criminal conditions in preventing crime by the training of the character—mind, conscience and will—of the young. The suggestions he makes in this connections are clear, definite and to the point since they are based on the moral and natural law.

There is not much to criticize in a work of this type. It is, however, surprising that on the list of books consulted none is mentioned that appeared within the last ten years, not even the classics like Lindworsky's Training of the Will, or Aller's Das Werden der Sittlichen Person.

The perusal of the book is recommended not only to those who are in physical contact with prisoners and their problems but to all who are interested in the betterment of society. Among these I would include confessors, teachers and parents.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

God's Justice

The Son Avenger, by Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated. $3.00.

FOURTH and final volume of the life history of Olav Andusson, Sigrid Undset's latest book is also in a measure the highest point she has reached as a writer. It is probably true that not many will concede to this tetralogy anything like parity with Kristin Lavransdatter. The gloom through which Olav moves is a little incomprehensible to our more western and variegated minds, accustomed to find that even the culprit condemned to die has a pale jest—or a cigarette—to adorn his lips with nonchalance. Then, too, it is a book which attempts to pierce through psychology to metaphysic, maintaining without flinching the concern with nature and grace as protagonists in the soul.

Many aspects of such a novel cannot even be mentioned in a brief review. Perhaps one may say that on the whole Sigrid Undset is engrossed here in the analysis of a man who is upright of spirit, eager to protect and serve those who are weak and dependent, but also prone to go to any extremes for the sake of those he loves. His life is, therefore, definitely an affair of coming to cross-roads and making resolves. At first he

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NEXT WEEK

While revolutions have been revolving to the south of us and the Republican party shows signs of turning wet; while the Soviets stalk the channels of organized trade with large, compact matters and threaten splashes and Fascists in Germany suggest chopping off heads—it might be well for some of us that are not too breathless from all these events, to pause and consider . . . THE PARADOX OF SPANISH-AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by E. R. Pineda, is splendid matter for consideration, and by explaining, reassures . . . Besides this sedative of intelligence for our jangled nerves, is an article on the spirit of mercy and the labors of charity that must direct every reader's thoughts in ways that the world as a whole sorely needs, MEDICAL MISSIONS FOR THE CHURCH, by Francis J. Bowen. . . . Padraic Colum, in THE VALE OF THE LIFFEY, carries on the important work of conducting us towards quietude, with limpid prose leading us along a fine river and pointing out a glimpse of misty hills and legends. . . . DISTRACTIONS OF A CHURCHGOER, by Mary Elizabeth Maginnis, touches a chord that reveals our common bond of all too human weaknesses. . . . Continuing his reminiscences which are enlightening for the literarily inclined, as well as amusing for those who happily ask only amusement of literature, Thomas Burke gives us a second, and concluding, part of his TALES OF A LITERARY AGENCY. . . . In memorial we have a graceful tribute to our own beloved Thomas Walsh by John Bunker. . . . There will be besides reviews of new and important books in all fields. . . . In the near future, we hold promise of a sure delight for our readers, a series of papers by Sheila Kaye-Smith, titled THE MIRROR OF THE MONTHS, in which in lyrical prose she envisages the devotions of the seasons, a fresh telling of the beauties and truths of the Faith by a writer with an art for the telling.

turns left and the consequences of his sin are ominious; and afterward his effort (or rather the effort of God to retrieve one who would at bottom be His servant) leads to the noble if sombre ending.

The Son Avenger is by all odds the most impressive single book of this series. After a moment of tragedy the story grows almost idyllic as Eirik and his father move hesitatingly toward reconciliation and the boy tries to put on the habit of Saint Francis. But again and again and again Olav's own mistaken decisions and the absence of grace in the world turn the most promising events into failures. The most terrible of these is the failure of Cecilia's marriage. Olav had succeeded in inducing his daughter to accept a marriage which promised fortune rather than love. When this turns to gall and tragedy, relationship between Olav and Cecilia is embittered. Meanwhile Eirik in turn has set out on a strange adventure, from which he is brought back to the ideal of renouncement and explanation.

Olav is then mortally stricken; and as he lies dying, he hears son and daughter appraise his career affectionately. Then he "saw a cornfield, overgrown with tares and thistles, willow herb and brambles—the weeds flaunted their red and yellow flowers in the sun, and the corn was so choked by them that none could tell that the ground had been sown. But out in the field there walked *one*—sometimes he thought it was his guardian angel, but sometimes it was Eirik—a friend who did not ask whether the dying man had done him wrong, but thought only of gathering up the poor ears of corn that he could save among the thistles. It should not have been so, his life should have been like a cornfield swaying clean and bright and ready for the sickle. But one there was who had been able to find a handful of good corn and would lay it in the balance—"

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Louis XIV and La Maintenon

Madame de Maintenon, by Maud Crutwell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated, $5.00.

MADAME DE MAINTENON, born a prison waif, educated by charity, married off through sheer pity to a paralytic though highly gifted gnome, and finally rising through court favor to become the consort of the haughtiest monarch that ever lived, had assuredly a unique rôle thrust upon her, and this book can hardly be said to reveal the heart of the mystery. There is a Netcher portrait of Madame de Montespan, the predecessor and rival of La Maintenon in the affections of Louis XIV, which satisfactorily explains her hold over the Sun King. The portraits reproduced of her whom he actually made his wife, and the revelation of character provided by her acts and speech, would appear merely to intensify the enigma.

Nevertheless this is a conscientious, successful, and well-documented book. It is more than a mere biography of an important personage, following the lines of the old tradition. It is a history likewise of the times in which Madame de Maintenon lived, and a gallery of portraits of most of the conspicuous people who played a part in the entourage of Louis.

The author's main effort is directed toward vindicating the actions and character of its subject from the accusations of writers like Saint-Simon who, belonging to the old noblesse, were unable to stifle their chagrin over the rise to the loftiest eminence of "la veuve Scarronique," "la vieille sorcière," to whom they ascribed most of the errors and disasters of Louis's

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What I write is not written on slate and no finger, not of Time himself, who dips it in the clouds of years, can efface it—LANDOR

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—FRANK IRVING FLETCHER.

I have read with keen pleasure Callan's "EXCELLENCE IN ENGLISH." The book is a most valuable one, and fills a decided want. It is clear, concise, interesting, and to the point. I shall recommend it to those of my students who are striving to improve their style both in writing and in public speaking.

—WILLIAM STARR MYERS, Ph.D.
Princeton University, Department of History and Politics.

Mr. Callan has improved upon the philosopher who, speaking of Beauty, said, "I cannot tell you what it is, but I can show it to you." In these days, when ignorance, carelessness and perversity are doing so much to mar one of the noblest languages with which man has ever been endowed, such a book as Mr. Callan's "EXCELLENCE IN ENGLISH" seems nothing short of a Godsend, for the student, for the writer, for the reader, for every person who prizes the faculty of expressing thoughts with accuracy, with clarity and with eloquence. I wish that it might be carefully studied by all who essay to write or to speak the English language.

—WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSTON, L.H.D.
Long Literary Editor of N. Y. Tribune and North American Review; Contributing Editor to Boston Transcript.

Mr. Callan's "EXCELLENCE IN ENGLISH" has one of the best plans for presenting its thesis I have yet seen. There are thirty-one phases of the book's title discussed, from the purely rhetorical qualities of verbal expression to the special requirements of literary prose as such, and each phase is illustrated by several of the most noted examples we have in Englsh and American literature. These examples are selected with great skill.

The book should be valuable to the practical professor of English literature who would make of his class something more than a repository of small criticism and biographical gossip. A generation ago I taught English literature for years in Notre Dame University and elsewhere, and I regret I did not then have Mr. Callan's book to help.

—AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.

But what a book this "EXCELLENCE IN ENGLISH"! It is my favorite bedside book, and I think it will always remain so. I have a dip into it every night before I go to sleep —just a kid in a pie-shop. I fairly wallowed in it picking and choosing, devouring and gorging. I am educating myself at every page. Really, this is a big thing, a university course in English—and in more than mere English; in psychology and mind training, too. To me it has a strange fascination, like a game—the reading of the various expositions of style, then the "samples," and then the checking up and weighing and measuring. One wants not only to see how the thing is done, according to the author's theories, but (with me at least) there is also the impulse to check up the author, to see just how nearly right he is—whether he has really hit on it every time or not. So far, he has me floored. Callan's work is something big, something lasting, something that will stand forever.

—CHARLES PHILLIPS.
Author, Lecturer in English, University of Notre Dame.

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reign. This she does very effectively by demonstrating from the actual records that La Maintenon was essentially a religieuse at heart, that her interests were far removed from political intrigue and the excitements of the court, which wearied her to tears, and that her highest ambitions were wrapped in saving the immortal soul of Louis and the development of such semi-monastic institutions as the Maison Royale de Saint-Cyr. Louis, despite his monstrous self-esteem, had a genuine anxiety concerning the hereafter, and the revelation of this side of his nature is the nearest approach to a solution of the mystery of his union with the old gouvernante of his bastard children. We are here given numerous glimpses into the intimate circle of his home life, and he emerges as much more of an able and comprehensible human being that the periwigged, high-heeled and ermined manikin of popular imagination. General history and the individual human story here alternate and intertwine, and though the book may appear hard to take up, it will usually be found harder to lay down.

BENEDICT FITZPATRICK.

Even in War!

In Araby Orion, by Edward Thompson. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $1.50.

THIS simple and exquisite little story of an attack in the Valley of the Jordan may very well, when the fires of time have done their work with the literature of the war, find itself untouched by the flames. It is neither propaganda nor realism, though it is both true and real. The characters are real, the attack is real, but there is a spirit informing both the characters and the attack which lifts the story to a far higher and more universal plane. For In Araby Orion is an elegy of which the tender and mystical beauty sets to shame alike the hard-boiled photographers and the neurasthenic wailers who have afflicted the recent literature of the war. The crisis of the story—and its meaning—is the lonely death, under the Judean stars, of Corporal Henry Bateman, abandoned through necessity by his comrades and his dearest friend after the attack had failed. Let Mr. Thompson speak of these last moments in his own words:

"He was poor, and lonely, and forsaken; helpless and dying. But in this darkness he grew aware of help coming swiftly toward him, he knew that he was going to be lifted from this ground of time that was failing beneath him. He cried out, certain that the night and wilderness were not empty. In that pit he was sure that Eternity had found him, and that its face was full of compassion. That face was bending over him, and in his last delirium, all of comfort and love that life had ever brought him took form as one Figure he had often imagined. 'Leapt with a start the shock of His possession.' To that Figure he lifted up his hands, and sent his whole life out in a cry of appeal."

Such writing, above all the spirit which animates such writing, is rare indeed today, and rarest of all in the literature produced by the war. While not for an instant minimizing the horror of war, it shows that horror as but the transitory setting of man's eternal spirit, a spirit which suffering and defeat may serve only to purify and ennoble. To Edward Thompson, soldier and poet, war has not been a bloody mess, devoid of meaning. Hating it though he does, it brought to him the realization that the value of man is not to be measured by the happiness of this world. In Araby Orion is his testimony to the truth.

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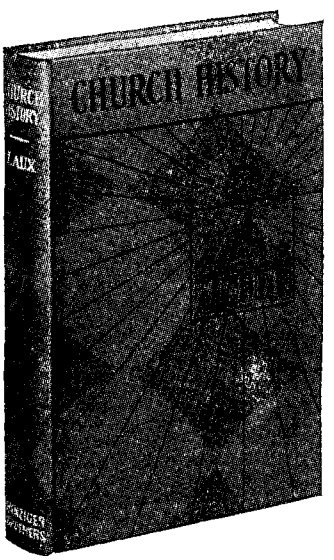

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Briefer Mention

India and the Simon Report, by Sir John Simon. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $.75.

THOSE who wish to know something about the problem of India and who cannot dig through the voluminous Simon Report would profit, we think, by reading the booklet into which Sir John has compressed a good deal of the essential information. It is a very lucid summary of the reasons why the commissioners set to work and of the conclusions to which they arrived. Though everybody now realizes that India is not a simple, homogeneous country facing no more complex political difficulties than (let us say) the duchy of Luxemburg, many are still too ready to think in terms of freedom rather than in terms of fact. Careful attention to the plain issue of government might, therefore, benefit us all. India has hitherto lacked the advantage of a well-considered constitutional theory adequate to effect the federalization of its inchoate tangle of provinces, states and groups. Just as the United States could not flourish until the clumsy Articles of Confederation were supplanted by the constitution, so an age-old oriental empire will not thrive unless it finds a satisfactory recipe of cohesive principle. We do not profess to know whether the plan drawn up by Sir John Simon's commission is the right one. But it is obviously so much better than anything previously held to or suggested that one really believes it prophetic of progress.

Dr. Serocold, by Helen Ashton. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

THE device of describing twenty-four hours of the life of a busy English doctor enables Miss Ashton to fuse a score of unrelated tragedies and comedies into a natural organic pattern. She has skilfully avoided the twin pitfalls which her subject-matter immediately suggests. Her doctor is not—in spite of his lack of conscious religion—the mere scalpel-wielding naturalist which an established literary convention would almost require him to be; nor is he the haloed Friend of All the World of the even more devastating tradition of sentiment. He is given to us, in simple and entirely believable pictures, as a grim, steady, selfless man, who understands his job and has the disillusioned love, born of service and much deeper than emotion, for his people. Those people vary, as in life, from the majority who do not, by any merely human standards, merit such service, to the minority who reward it by deserving it. There is no virtuosity in Miss Ashton's writing, but her picture of life behind the facades of a small English city is quietly rich and complete.

The Adventures of Ephraim Tutt, by Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THE character of Mr. Tutt is almost as familiar to the American reading public as the cartooned Uncle Sam, to whom he can claim a decided physical resemblance. It is safe to say that few characters in our fiction equal his popularity. No doubt this is due to that spirit of rebellion against law innate in all of us. For Mr. Tutt is a lawyer whose activities, though frequently on the ethical borderland, are centered, in ensuring, not that the laws are enforced, but that justice is done despite the laws. He is another Man of Last Resorts, human in every respect, a friend of the oppressed, a vituperative foe of those who would prey on the helplessness of the poor; suave, blunt, meek, ranting, humorous, crafty, as best suits his purpose. There should be a Mr. Tutt in every court in the land.

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Charlie Chan Carries On, by Earl Derr Biggers. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.00.

IT IS ungracious to launch one's comment on a mystery story as good as this one, by saying that it is not as good as its predecessor. But in Behind That Curtain, Mr. Biggers produced such a really notable combination of suspense, humor and authentic quaintness, that he himself is to blame if we expect it to be repeated whenever the priceless Charlie Chan reappears among us. This present book displays its author's old ingenuity in scattering our suspicions. He takes us around the world with a dozen people, all of them inseparably welded in a de luxe cruise, and one of them certainly a murderer. This enables enmities and romances to develop to a nice stage of fermentation by the time we stop in Honolulu to pick up Charlie. He, of course, spots our murderer and reconciles our lovers for us by the time our boat reaches San Francisco. It is on the personal side that he seems disappointing. The pointed wit, the delicious apothegms, are missing. Let us hope for his complete recovery in his next volume.

Domination, by Marjorie Johnston. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

WHEN the newspapers have a big story to cover a reporter is generally assigned to write up the sidelights. This is the assignment Marjorie Johnston has voluntarily set herself in Domination, which is a report on the characters who were Napoleon's satellites. There is much evidence of her diligence in research but unfortunately her treatment of material reflects more of the encyclopaedia than of early nineteenth-century documents. The patchwork of characterization is sewed on to the thesis that the story of the Napoleonic era may be translated in terms of the Emperor—a thesis which remains unproved. Nevertheless Miss Johnston has done a workmanlike job. Her presentation, save in a persistent and intrusive attempt at dramatics, is suave and effective.

Yale One-Act Plays. New York: Samuel French. $2.00.

OF THE large number of plays written in the past four years in playwriting courses of the department of drama, Yale University, six have been selected for presentaton here. Professor George Pierce Baker does not tell us in his foreword that these six were considered the best. It is to be hoped that they were not. These aspiring playwrights have achieved a certain technical aptitude, but bring nothing definite to the theatre.

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